THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1925

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Truth and Politics

BY

STANLEY BALDWIN

When Greek Meets Greek

Russia's Foreign Policy

BY

G. ZINOVIEV

Christmas on the Niger

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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December 19, 1925

TRUTH AND POLITICS. How does Mr. Baldwin define the goal of British education? Why do standards of truthfulness tend to be lower in political life than in some other activities? Sum up in your own words what you believe to be the real point of Mr. Baldwin's speech.

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY. In Zinoviev's estimation what were the three outstanding international events of the past summer? Why does he believe that Russia should continue her propaganda policy in Asia? Under what disadvantages did England suffer in her attempts to secure anti-Russian coöperation?

CHILE SPEAKS VIA PERU. What difficulties have the Chilean police had to contend with in the province of Arica? Do you gather from the interview that the law is being impartially enforced? What does Señor Barcelo believe will be the ultimate destiny of Chile and Peru?

FLYING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. Why is it less dangerous for an airplane to fly high in the air than close to the ground? What are the chief dangers of flying? What leads Mr. Hillman to conclude that aviation will some day be as popular as automobiling?

THE CAPTURE OF GREECE BY THE GREEKS. What is the nature of the revolution now going on in Greece? How do the refugees differ from the other inhabitants of the country? Of what does the conflict between the new and the old Greece consist?

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THE LIVING AGE

December 19, 1925

Vol. 327 CONTENTS No. 4250

A Week of the World 603
Italy's Debt Settlement and European Opinion — Abolishing the Submarine — The Directory Resigns — A Tragedy with a Message — A Disorderly Election — American Money in Russia — Australia at the Polls — Minor Notes

Truth and Politics . . . . RIGHT HONORABLE STANLEY BALDWIN 609
Great Britain's Prime Minister in the Rôle of University Chancellor

Russia's Foreign Policy . . . . . G. ZINOVIEV 615
The Head of the Third International Reviews the Diplomatic Year in Europe

The Capture of Greece by Greeks . . . . . STANLEY CASSON 618
The New Hellenic Invasion of Ancient Hellas

Chile Speaks via Peru . . . . . JACKIE DEITRICK 621
An Interview in a Land of Explosive Mixtures

On the Brazilian Frontier . . . . . COLIN ROSS 626
Episodes in Newest America

A Christmas Sonnet . . . . . J. G. W. HEAVEN 629
A Poem

Flying To-day and To-morrow . . . . . W. HILLMANN 630
A Plain Talk by a Practical Aviator

A Christmas Dinner in the Nigerian Jungle . . N. FR. CRONSTEDT 632
Turkey Substitutes Far from the Frosty Pines

Christmas . . . . . H. L. HAYNES 635
A Poem

At the Scene of the Nativity . . . . . H. C. LUKE 636
How Christmas Is Observed in Bethlehem

Life, Letters, and the Arts 640
A Seventieth Birthday — Humor in English Art — Amy Lowell and French Poetry — Manet on Zola — Swift on the Boards — A Weber Mass Discovered

At Odds with the Editor 644

Books Abroad 646

Our Own Bookshelf 648

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NEXT WEEK

FROM FRIEND TO FRIEND *By J. L. Garvin*

The celebrated editor of the London *Observer* here reassures us of England's lasting good-will toward the United States. It is a seasonable and welcome message, reminding us that we have many good friends in other lands.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE *By Emil Daniels*

The anxious question, 'Is England Done?' which Sir Philip Gibbs raised some weeks ago is this time discussed by a German publicist, who judiciously weighs the strength and weaknesses of the British Empire in the balance.

MOSCOW VIGNETTES *By an Anonymous Correspondent*

Perhaps it is just as well that the author of this article conceals his identity, for he tells us exactly what happened in Moscow when the lid was lifted on vodka for the first time since the days of the Tsars.

GOETHE AND WEIMAR *By Wilhelm Neumann and Emil Ludwig*

The hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's first visit to Weimar in 1775 is being extensively covered in the German press. The first of these two articles tells of the poet's youth and age in the city of the Muses. The second, by one of the foremost critic-iconoclasts of Europe, calls for a speaking image of the living Goethe.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *DECEMBER 19, 1925* — NO. 4250

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ITALY'S DEBT SETTLEMENT AND EUROPEAN OPINION

A CHORUS of congratulation in the foreign press greeted Italy's successful compounding of her debt to the United States. The *Economist* attributed it partly to the influence of the growing solidarity of Europe on American opinion. The editor of the London *Outlook*, and Pertinax, writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, discovered one motive for Washington's leniency in the large Italian vote in certain pivotal States like New York and Massachusetts. All parties complimented the Italian Commissioners upon the ability with which they handled their side of the dealings. The *Outlook* says that they 'presented their case with admirable clearness, and kept strictly to business, while the French tried a lot of rhetoric and politics, and always had to think of their Party affiliations at home.' This opinion was shared by the Conservative *Saturday Review*, who imagines that Americans trust a dictator more readily than a parliament.

Naturally the English are not altogether happy over the fact that we have granted Italy much easier terms than we gave Mr. Baldwin. The *Times* pointed out that, while England pays seventy-six per cent of the sum Congress asked, Belgium pays forty-five per cent, and Italy only twenty-five and one-half per cent. Furthermore, our concessions to Italy make it almost impossible for the British Government, to whom she owes a larger sum than to ourselves, to exact a higher rate from her.

Pertinax points out somewhat acidly: 'Including principal and accumulated interest, we owe the United States $4,200,000,000. A reduction equivalent to that granted Italy would lower this amount to $873,000,000 present value. Now France offered last September to pay $1,750,000,000, while the Americans held out for $2,800,000,000.' In other words, to quote *Le Temps*, while we settled with Italy on a twenty-five and one-half per cent basis, we demanded a settlement from France on a sixty per cent basis.

Frankfurter Zeitung's Rome correspondent observes that the Italian Mission's task was rendered difficult by the fact that Mussolini's Government had flooded the world with 'boosting' accounts of the marvelous

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economic recovery and prosperity of Italy under Fascist rule — of her balanced budget and a surplus to be applied to reducing the internal debt. Signor Volpi and his associates had to reverse the colors in this picture with inconvenient promptness when they crossed the Atlantic.

Apropos of France's financial rehabilitation, in which international debt settlements play so large a part, the *Outlook* reiterates what British economists have urged ever since the war — that the trouble in that country is after all political and psychological rather than economic. For political reasons cabinet after cabinet misled the people as to the true status of the Treasury, and drew drafts lightheartedly on the future for their successors to pay. So a situation has arisen where the Government cannot consolidate its debt for fear of inflation, although unless it does consolidate inflation is absolutely certain. Taxes are now about as high as in any country, 'but fifty per cent of this taxation goes as interest on the internal debt, and so far as the nation as a whole is concerned is merely a matter of transference from one pocket to another.'

❦

ABOLISHING THE SUBMARINE

GREAT BRITAIN has lost four submarines with their crews during the past five years. One dived and never emerged; three were rammed by other boats in the course of naval manœuvres. The latest disaster, resulting in the loss of one of the largest and most modern boats of this kind in commission with its entire crew last month, coming as it did when the Locarno Pact had created an atmosphere favorable to discussing disarmament, has naturally raised the question of abolishing the submarine entirely. Great Britain would have liked to see this done at the Washington Conference four years ago. But the suggestion, though received sympathetically by Mr. Hughes, never went further, largely on account of the opposition of France and the smaller naval Powers. The latter still maintain this attitude. *Le Temps* says, apropos of the present suggestion: 'If the submarines of the world are to be suppressed, then let all the battleships and cruisers be also suppressed the very same day. . . . Why should the submarine, the weapon of coast defense and the one whose lower cost makes it available for nations having a moderate budget, be snatched from the hands of those Powers whose maritime defense is relatively weak?'

The British press frankly acknowledges that proposals to do away with this weapon can hardly be made by their own Government without arousing some distrust in other countries. *The Nation and the Athenæum* says: 'Strategically Great Britain has more to gain and less to lose by such a measure than any other Power. The strongest opposition is likely to come from France, who relies on submarines to protect her coasts and communications with her African colonies, and from the minor naval Powers, who regard the submarine as the only method of coast defense open to them.' The *New Statesman* prophesies that the new agitation in favor of abolishing this weapon 'will end in smoke,' and therefore finds it difficult to take much interest in it. 'The advantages of such abolition are completely obvious to every intelligent inhabitant of the British Isles. . . . But France naturally has other views, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that any campaign in this country will induce her to abandon a weapon which — apart from air forces — is the only weapon with which she can ever hope

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to compete with us or threaten us.' And the *Outlook* asks sarcastically: 'Who stands to gain most by the prohibition of the submarine? Obviously, the greatest sea Power.' It ridicules the argument that the submarine is a risky instrument of warfare with the assertion: 'Men have never abandoned a thing because it is dangerous; the only weapons they discard are obsolescent weapons.' The *Spectator* has more hope that something can be done to erase this instrument of 'piracy in its most hideous shape' from naval registers, if Great Britain will make adequate concessions to France and to other Powers weaker on the sea, who may fear her aggression. 'The sensible and logical corollary of Locarno is a further general reduction in naval armaments.' The *Saturday Review* also sees promise in this suggestion. It pleads: 'The submarine occupies a category of its own among instruments of warfare. Aircraft and ships that keep to the surface have too great a part in the peaceful life of the world to be restricted out of fear of the use to which they may be put in time of war. The submarine, however, is purely a means of attack, and its abolition would not cause the slightest inconvenience to a world at peace.'

Of course, if Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and other Powers having powerful navies, would consent to disarming themselves upon the surface of the sea, and would renounce the right to blockade the ports of their enemies in time of war, it might be easy enough to secure the general assent of other nations to the abolition of the submarine. A novel aspect of the disaster to the M–1 last month was an appeal to Germany for apparatus to explore the sunken vessel, which lies too deep to be reached by ordinary diving devices. This apparatus, which consists of an armor of steel or aluminum alloy that protects the body of the diver against the high pressure of water at a great depth, was sent over from Kiel by a swift naval vessel.

✽

THE DIRECTORY RESIGNS

THE Spanish Directory has reorganized itself into a cabinet with General Primo de Rivera as Premier, his right-hand man in the old Directory, General Martinez Anido, as Vice-Premier, and a group of civilian associates holding the other portfolios, except that of the Navy, which is entrusted to an admiral. Of course, this is not a parliamentary cabinet, and the return to civilian rule is merely 'as if,' to parody a popular philosophic concept. But what else could the Directory do? So far as any authoritative expression of the people is concerned, the present Cabinet may represent the popular will as accurately as did its predecessors before the Directory took things in hand more than two years ago.

The change had been in the air for some time. It may have been precipitated by the plot alleged to have been discovered a few weeks ago involving two generals, four colonels, four majors, and several other officers, who designed to overthrow the Directory and proclaim a republic. Its leader, General Lopez Ochoa, was formerly Governor of Barcelona. The conspirators are suspected of being actuated by a desire to restore the old power of the military juntas rather than by devotion to liberal principles of government.

✽

A TRAGEDY WITH A MESSAGE

A BRIEF dispatch in the American newspapers to the effect that José Santos Chocano, the Peruvian poet, had shot and killed at Lima a young Peruvian publicist, Edwin Elmore, records not

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only a tragedy in the world of South American letters but also the climax of one of those political controversies which our friends south of the Rio Grande take so deeply to heart. Chocano is one of the best-known Latin-American poets, whose works are published in Paris and have a wide circle of readers in all Spanish-speaking countries. Edwin Elmore, in spite of his English name, was distinguished chiefly by his ardent advocacy of Latin Americanism, which had won him a wide reputation among his fellow linguals on both sides of the Atlantic. Each has been prominent in the campaign that a group of intellectuals, of whom Manuel Ugarte is the best known in the United States, has conducted against Anglo-Saxon expansion in the Western Hemisphere. The third member in this political triangle is José Vasconcelos, a brilliant Mexican writer and former Minister of Public Instruction in that country, who is likewise an ardent protagonist of this movement. But doctrinal differences divide these patriots. José Santos Chocano, a man of the romantic and hero-worshiping type, and a former friend and comrade of Pancho Villa, has a tender spot in his heart for the man with the mailed fist, for the direct-actionist, dictator type of ruler. He is an admirer of President Leguía of Peru, against whose forceful political methods many young intellectuals in Latin America protest. On the other hand, José Vasconcelos and Edwin Elmore have been whole-souled champions of democracy — even if it be at the temporary sacrifice of governmental efficiency.

As a result of this diversity in views, the three became involved in a bitter controversy, in which Vasconcelos, who is now in Europe, attacked Chocano in the Mexican press and Chocano attacked Vasconcelos in the press of Lima, where the Mexican writer has many sympathizers among the students. Moreover, Vasconcelos, actuated partly by his dislike of the present régime in Lima, championed Chile's right to Tacna-Arica, 'believing that country the better qualified of the two to administer and govern it.' These writers attached such complimentary titles as 'Poets and Buffoons,' and 'Apostles and Fakers,' to their heated newspaper contributions. Elmore, who was an ardent supporter of Vasconcelos, meeting Chocano at the entrance of a newspaper office in Lima, assaulted him, whereupon the poet, who was considerably older than his assailant and chanced to be armed, shot and fatally wounded the latter, ostensibly in self-defense.

The interest of the drama for North Americans lies mainly in the light it throws upon conflicts of opinion that, distracting as they may be at the moment, are rapidly making a single intellectual community of the widely scattered nations south of us.

Louis Araquistain, a prominent Spanish writer, thus summarizes, in a feeling obituary upon Elmore in *El Sol* of Madrid, the objects of the movement which owes so much to that young enthusiast: 'To defend democracy and liberalism in all Spanish countries; to formulate a Spanish-American international policy based upon the doctrines of Drago and Sáenz Peña and the revision of the Monroe Doctrine; to subordinate purely economic to moral and intellectual values; to assert the political solidarity of the Spanish-American nations in all world questions; to repudiate official Pan-Americanism and to abolish secret diplomacy; to enforce arbitration at all international controversies without exception; to oppose all financial relationships compromising to national sovereignty, and in particular the contraction of

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loans authorizing or inviting the intervention of foreign governments; to curtail the influence of the Church in public life, and particularly in public education; to extend gratuitous obligatory lay instruction, and to reform the universities.'

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A DISORDERLY ELECTION

LAST October Dr. Emiliano Figueroa Larrain was elected President of Chile by a large majority over Dr. José Santos Salas, his Democratic opponent. Fully two thirds of the three hundred thousand registered voters in Santiago cast their ballots, and in that city at least the masses of the working people refused to accept the returns, which put the Conservatives back in power, as a true record of the wishes of the electors. They declared a general strike, held a mass meeting in Alemeda de las Delicias said to have been attended by twenty thousand people, paraded the streets, and conducted themselves so violently that all the troops in the vicinity were required to maintain the semblance of peace. Shops were closed, railway traffic was in some instances suspended, the principal newspapers were unable to appear or came out in reduced editions, and at least in the capital and its vicinity danger of a revolutionary outbreak appears to have existed. Martial law was declared throughout the three principal provinces of the country — Santiago, Valparaiso, and Aconcagua.

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AMERICAN MONEY IN RUSSIA

ACCORDING to the Moscow correspondent of the London *Statist*, a semiofficial statement has been issued in that city to the effect that American financiers have given their assent to a plan for financing the Soviet Union; that is, to provide money for certain public works and timber undertakings. These financiers, however, will deal solely through German agents and not directly with the Soviet. More in detail this correspondent says: —

The Americans insist, so it is said, upon having the fullest control in the matter of any concessions granted them, and upon being undisputed masters of all products and of their entire exports out of Russia. Their technical staffs must be either Germans or Americans. High hopes of improved relations with the United States are entertained here on account of the appointment of M. Chintschuk, who up to now has been President of the Central Sojus, to replace the late head of the Soviet Trade Commission in Washington. M. Chintschuk, who is stated to be a friend of Mr. Hoover, is credited with being the bearer of important instructions. He is to be accompanied to the United States, we are told, by two experienced diplomats. It is to be remembered that Russia stands indebted to the United States, for money lent during the war, to the extent of three hundred and fifty million roubles, but, according to views held here, that should be no impediment to an amicable agreement. M. Chintschuk is instructed to try to negotiate specially with Senator Borah, who, it is imagined, has broader views on Russo-American relations than any other American statesman. Furthermore, M. Chintschuk carries with him a number of enticing concessions, which, it is hoped, will serve to attract New World capital into Russia. He is even empowered to assure the United States Administration that the Soviet is prepared to withhold itself from all Communistic propaganda in the States.

✻

AUSTRALIA AT THE POLLS

THE Commonwealth elections in Australia, although they brought out the 'mystery million' of voters in consequence of the compulsory-balloting law, resulted in no significant gains in either direction. Apparently there had been about as many stay-at-homes among the Radicals as among the Con-

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servatives. About forty-five per cent of the electors voted Labor. Most of the remainder supported Mr. Bruce, the present Nationalist Premier. His Party gained four seats. The Labor and Country Parties lost two seats each, and the present Government comes back with a majority of about twenty in a Chamber of seventy-five members. He had the aid of some ex-Laborists, notably Mr. W. M. Hughes, who was Commonwealth Premier during the war. In every State of the Commonwealth except Victoria Labor is in power. That Party suffered somewhat in the polling from its unpopular association with the recent semi-Bolshevist ship-strike.

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MINOR NOTES

FIVE rural school-teachers have been murdered in Mexico within a year, either by, or at the instance of, estate-owners who resent the Government's attempt to abolish illiteracy among their peones. 'According to reports in the office of the Ministry of Education,' says *El Universal*, 'the Government's school programme has been received with enthusiasm by some country employers, who have given loyal assistance to the work of spreading primary instruction among the people; but in other cases the *haciendados* have opposed bitterly the advent of the spelling-book on their estates.'

ECUADOR and Colombia are reported to have broken off diplomatic relations as a protest against the treaty concluded between Colombia and Peru, by which the former country ceded to Peru territories embraced between the summits of the Putumayo Mountains and the river of the same name. Ecuador recognized Colombia's title to this territory in the Treaty of 1916 that terminated a frontier dispute eighty years old.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Lloyd George Starts His Land Reform
— *The Star*, London

MODERNISM IN JAPAN

The Japanese Girl of the Period
— *Jiji*, Tokyo

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TRUTH AND POLITICS[1]

BY STANLEY BALDWIN
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

[WE print below the principal paragraphs of Mr. Baldwin's rectorial address to the students of Edinburgh University, delivered on November 6.]

THE ideal character is a harmony of many virtues, and it is a tradition among us to give to truthfulness the position of the cardinal virtue. Hence, for example, the curious power of Lord Althorp, who was known to have said to the House of Commons, 'I know this to be right. I cannot remember why — but you may take it that it is so'; and they believed him. And if the noblest exercise of freedom is the pursuit of truth, the best equipment for the search is to be truthful. The inculcation of the practice of truthfulness, no less than the acquisition of knowledge, is the motive force of our educational system. The student is here to learn habits of accuracy in measurement, precision in statement, honesty in handling evidence, fairness in presenting a cause — in a word, to be true in word and deed. That is the goal of British education, because it is recognized that no man can be a worthy citizen whose word cannot be trusted and whose deed is compounded of deceit.

Men think by means of words and communicate with each other through their medium. This 'most noble and profitable invention of speech is man's proudest triumph over nature, without which there had been among men neither commonwealth nor society, nor contract nor peace, no more than among lions, bears, and wolves.' Words are the currency of love and friendship, of making and marketing, of peace and war. Nations are bound and loosed by them. Three or four simple words can move waves of emotion through the hearts of multitudes like great tides of the sea: 'Lest we forget.' 'Patriotism is not enough.'

There is a well-known passage in the writings of John Stuart Mill where he doubts whether all the inventions of machinery have, on balance, added to human happiness. I am always reminded by that passage of another in John Locke, where he is so impressed with the defects of language as to affirm that if anyone 'shall well consider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that are spread in the world by an ill-use of words, he will find some reason to doubt whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind.'

The Scottish are cautious, it has been said, because they have lived with one another for so long. You are capable of practising great restraint and economy in the use of words, but I do not think that even you will go as far as Locke, and wish to put us all into a Trappist monastery. Such knowledge as there is in the world has been built up by the help of words. A civilization

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *November 7*

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without words is perhaps conceivable, but under it the life of man would be 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.'

But if we cannot go all the way with Locke, we can agree with his successor, Bentham, that 'error is never so difficult to be destroyed as when it has its roots in language.' 'Improper terms are the chains which bind men to unreasonable practices. Every improper term contains the germ of fallacious propositions; it forms a cloud, which conceals the nature of the thing, and presents a frequently invincible obstacle to the discovery of truth.' It is in a similar mood that Mr. Wells complains of the fluidity of thought and the fixity of language. Master of English as he is, he finds its terms solid, opaque, and stable, and therefore 'incurably inaccurate.' That is not merely a defense of philosophic doubt, but a conclusion of despair which, if we accepted it literally, would close all universities to-morrow and destroy all foundations of belief.

No small part of education lies in learning the right use of words, in tracing their birth and behavior, in fitting them closely to facts and ideas. That is why you are here invited to study the humanities, not only for their own fair sake, but for the discipline which is experienced in the manipulation of two of the finest instruments ever devised to express the minds of men. Through the humanities you should not only learn something of the polity and law, the poetry and eloquence, of the ancient world, but you should learn the value of the words of your own native tongue. No man who can do good Greek and Latin prose can deceive people with words except he sin against the light. He can no longer be deceived himself. He will know that to use words equivocally is prostitution. Nor does he need to use italics in speech or writing. Headlines cannot hypnotize him, and the latest sensation is already stale.

Through mathematics we learn on the very threshold a lesson which, if universally known and applied, would prevent most of the ills to which the world is heir. To know and realize that two and two make four, and can in no circumstances make anything else, is to be equipped with knowledge that will save us daily from mistakes, unpleasant to ourselves and possibly disastrous to others. I know that some of Euclid's axioms, which appear to common-sense to be necessary, are now declared by mathematicians 'to derive their appearance of necessity from our mere familiarity with actual space, and not from any a priori logical foundation. By imagining worlds in which these axioms are false, the mathematicians have used logic to show the possibility of spaces differing from that in which we live.' But even these daring speculators assure us that in any possible world they feel that two and two would be four, and that this is not a mere fact, but a necessity to which everything actual and possible must conform.

Whatever be the case in a world of Einsteins, or in Russia, over most parts of the world two and two are still believed to make four. Without that knowledge or in the belief that two and two may in a certain environment make five, you may indeed upset a Constitution, but you will never make an engine, nor, if you were in possession of a ship, could you bring it into any port in the world. Those, therefore, who would navigate the ship of State, if they would avoid shipwreck, had better base their sailing-orders on this platitudinous verity.

Through all your studies of the physical sciences you are being taught a similar lesson. Principles are con-

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stantly being subjected to the test of fact, purified in the furnace of experiment. Working hypotheses are being confronted with masses of detail, and as a result are discarded, revised, or quickened. You strive to compel the material facts of the world to reveal their nature, you watch and record their behavior, and truth is the accurate statement of the facts observed. By means of this discipline you learn that things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be. In other words, that as you sow you will reap, and a wrong combination of elements will send you through the roof when your desire is to remain with your feet firmly planted on the earth.

Lastly, there is the study of the ultimate science, the science of sciences, of moral philosophy, for which this University has been so justly famous. There was a time when it might be said that the chief export of Scotland, measured in values, was metaphysics. It was to this University that more than one prime minister came from England to sit at the feet of Dugald Stewart. The penetration of English practice by Scottish reflection was one of the most fruitful results of the Union, and is still happily proceeding in the person of our distinguished chairman.

Philosophy forces the student to examine the assumptions on which all the other sciences rest, the hypotheses by which they all work. You ask not only How? but Why? You challenge all appearance; you doubt science itself in your search for reality. Magic, myth, ritual, religion; the mysterious and emotional story of human belief; the theological speculations of mankind; the very instrument by which man knows anything at all — all are cross-examined as facts of experience, and an attempt is made to interpret them and fit them into some coherent explanation of our life and destiny. You cannot go any distance on this road without arriving at the distinction between true assertions and false ones, and you will not need to travel much farther before reaching the distinction between right and wrong.

Throughout all these activities in which you are engaged in this University there is the double motive of acquiring knowledge and learning to think truly. The latter is the more important task. The greatest service this or any university can render the modern world is to discharge well this duty which is laid upon it, and to send forth year after year generations of young men and women who have not only a stock of ideas, but minds which turn on the poles of truth. Ability to read is not synonymous with ability to reflect on what is read. Better to doubt methodically than to think capriciously. Education that has merely taught people to follow a syllogism, without enabling them to detect a fallacy, has left them in constant peril. And as with the fallacy, so with its near relation, the half-truth. For, though it has been accepted through the ages that half a loaf is better than no bread, half a truth is not only not better than no truth, it is worse than many lies, and the slave of lies and half-truths is ignorance. Ignorance, static and inert, is bad, but ignorance in motion, as Goethe once observed, is the most terrible force in nature, for it may destroy in its passage the accumulated mental and material capital of generations.

You will need this habit of truth when you leave this home of learning and reflection. It is our greatest national asset. The industries and commerce of this country, its enormous foreign trade, involving innumerable transactions with known and unknown

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customers, have been made possible, not only by the enterprise of our merchants, but by their integrity. There is nowhere in the world, I believe, a higher standard of commercial honor than that which prevails in this country. And the same is true of our courts of law, which enjoy a world-wide prestige, nowhere better exemplified than in the Admiralty Court, to which shipowners from all over the world resort, even in cases where no British ship is in the collision or salvage operation.

Why is it then that, when we turn to politics, a lower standard of habitual truthfulness is alleged to prevail than in the world of science or of business? I am not now talking of this country more than another. I think our reputation is at least as good as that of any other country in this regard, and it has grown in the last hundred years, and is growing. The scientist is assumed to be a truth-lover; honesty is proverbially the best policy in business; but politicians have been despised for hypocrisy and dishonesty in all the literatures of the Old World and the New. I open the work of a brilliant Cambridge scholar and theologian and this is what I read on the first page: 'In regard to truth, the more one reads of man's notions about the meaning and method of civil society, the more often is one inclined in despair to say that truth has as little to do with politics as it has with most politicians.' And this is the verdict of a learned foreign observer at the end of an immense treatise on the pathology of party government: 'To the low types which the human race has produced, from Cain down to Tartuffe, the age of democracy has added a new one — the politician.'

What is the explanation of this evil reputation which attaches, not to politicians of one Party, but to the whole race? Primarily, I suppose, it is due to the fact that ever since States began to be they have been in peril and have trusted to force for their safety. War has been their normal history. Savagery has never been far away from the realm of law. How long is it since that ceased to be true of Scotland? With war and the preparation for war go the stratagems of diplomacy, the dropping of the ordinary code of morals, a holiday for truth, and an aftermath of cynicism. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues, wrote the author of *Leviathan*. The statesman's goal is the preservation of the State, and reasons of State have been held to justify all policies whatsoever. In the arena of international rivalry and conflict men have placed patriotism above truthfulness as the indispensable virtue of statesmen. 'When the entire safety of a country is at stake, no consideration of what is just or unjust, merciful or cruel, praiseworthy or shameful, must intervene,' is a copy-book maxim from the pages of a well-known exponent of the art of government. And it was a statesman much nearer our own time who said to a group of friends: 'If we had done for ourselves the things which we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals.' That sounds less shocking to our ears to-day than it would have done a dozen years ago. Machiavelli's conception of mankind has not been dispelled or disproved. He is, as Lord Acton said, a constant and contemporary influence. He is in all our hearts.

We have recently been celebrating the tercentenary of the publication of the work of Grotius on international law. Dr. Figgis, the Cambridge historian and divine, whom I quoted a moment ago, points out that the fundamental difference between Machiavelli and Grotius is concerned with

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the question before us. The contention of Grotius, which is denied by Machiavelli, is that human life is essentially a society, and that certain laws, of which fidelity to plighted word is the most important, are therefore as immutable as human nature. These two thinkers represent two tendencies in our public life. The principles of Machiavelli were accepted in Europe at any rate as late as the days of Cavour and Bismarck.

I wish to avoid the twentieth century and examples from among the living. It was the prevailing view for centuries, openly avowed and defended, that you could have one code of morals among nations and another and much more exacting one among individuals, that you could be a Machiavellian abroad and a Christian at home. Whatever may have been our lapses, we have never in this country accepted this view in the bald and summary form in which I am putting it. It was nevertheless a British prime minister who said that 'no great country was ever saved by good men,' which is perhaps why Lord Acton said that great men were nearly always bad men. But the shifts to which statesmen and diplomatists have resorted in the field of foreign affairs, especially in time of strain or open conflict, have helped to give all politicians a bad name.

The party system is perhaps a contributory cause. The system has its advantages, its teamwork, its loyalties, and others which I need not stop to describe. To our sporting countrymen it appears as a game, and as such it has its rules, and these for the most part are honorably obeyed and are an important help to probity in our public life. But the Party system does put a certain embargo on complete frankness of speech in the arena of debate.

But it is to a third explanation that I want to direct your attention for a few minutes more. There is a profound difference in the study of the physical and the human sciences, between the study of particles of matter and of men in society. You cannot measure and weigh, combine and distribute, men as you do chemical elements. Spinoza tried something of the sort, but he did not succeed. You remember a famous passage where he says how he had made it his especial care neither to mock, to bewail, nor to denounce men's actions, but to understand them; how he had tried to consider the emotions and agitations of men's minds, love and hatred, anger and envy, honor and pity, just as a scientist would regard heat and cold, storms and thunder. But though we sometimes speak of rhetoric as 'hot air,' the State is not a cloud, nor, I fear, do we politicians often return in scientific showers the popular vapor which we are said to absorb.

The material of politics is human nature, its motives honorable and base, its appetites for power and for service, its passions, its prejudices, its memories and aspirations. But the politician cannot work with scales and forceps, with test tube and mortar. His instruments are the written and spoken word. Politics can never be an exact science. Democracy is government by discussion, by talk. Politicians must talk, and they cannot today, like Pitt, confine their speeches to the House of Commons. The perils of the platform orator have been pointed out from the days of Cleon. Words have lost none of their equivocal character since his day. The difference between the Greek sophist and the modern demagogue, it is said, consists in this: the one displayed his ingenuity by appearing to prove that which his hearers knew to be false; the other displays it by appearing to prove that

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which his hearers wish to be true. It is the business of the universities to change all this, and they are doing it.

The politician is much nearer in type to the barrister and advocate than to the scientist. The latter has no case to prove; he sits humbly before the facts and lets them speak. The advocate and the politician are more interested in persuasion than in proof. They have a client or a policy to defend. The political audience is not dishonest in itself, nor does it desire or approve dishonesty or misrepresentation in others, but it is an audience only imperfectly prepared to follow a close argument, and the speaker wishes to make a favorable impression, to secure support for a policy. It is easy to see how this may lead to the depreciation of the verbal currency and to the circulation of promises which cannot be cashed.

Closely allied with this is the pressure laid upon the politician in a democratic State to speak while important negotiations are in process, however inconvenient the moment. The result once more is inevitably to place a veto on complete frankness and to tempt recourse to words that are nebulous, hesitating, ambiguous, or misleading. Some of us have become as adept as the Prague poet who went to see Béranger in 1847, and had to answer a few questions. Was Prague in Hungary or in Poland? In neither one nor the other. Was Bohemia in Austria or in Germany? In both. Was the Prussian monarchy absolute or constitutional? Partly one, partly the other. At last Béranger lost patience. 'Frenchmen,' he cried, 'like things to be clear. What is not clear is not French.' If the subject is one of high foreign policy the wrong words may raise issues not settled by dropping pieces of paper in a ballot box, but by dropping bombs on cities. That is the essential difference between the methods of politics and of business. In these directions we may discover some mitigation of the harsh epithets used of the politician.

I come back to where I began. False words, said the dying Socrates, are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Although the use of words may be abused and the fight for their honor may at times seem hopeless, we must never give up the struggle to use them solely in the service of truth. Let us aim at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean. The price man has to pay for the good things he enjoys is constant watchfulness lest they be employed for evil. Has not this been the case from the dawn of history with drink, language, and liberty?

Let us, in the language of *Leviathan*, use perspicuous words, having first snuffed and purged them from ambiguity and made them luminous. Let us take our stand on public right and a law of nations with Grotius rather than with Machiavelli; let us seek to moralize our public intercourse and reduce the area of casuistry and duplicity. That is not only the accepted principle of the best among us, but it is, I am sure, in harmony with a widespread instinct in the British people. It asserted itself in August 1914, when it was made plain that ethics was not a branch of politics, but the reverse. It is at the root of our support of the League of Nations at Geneva — a city with which Scotland has had spiritual ties for centuries and from which your Churches derive their system of regulated freedom.

It is truth alone that will 'destroy the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations.' There is much that is profoundly wrong and remediable in our civilization; but let us not lightly

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discard the gains so hardly won from the savagery which so readily besets us. In stretching forth our hands to the farther shore let us realize that civilization itself is but the ice formed in process of ages on the turbulent stream of unbridled human passions, and, while this ice seemed to our fathers secure and permanent, it has rotted and cracked during the agony of the Great War, and in places the submerged torrent has broken through, leaving fragments in constant collision, threatening by their attrition to diminish and ultimately disappear. The more need for you, the lamp-bearers of your generation, to guide your own steps by the truth and to light the way for the wandering people of the world.

RUSSIA'S FOREIGN POLICY[1]

BY G. ZINOVIEV

[THIS article, which may be regarded as an official Soviet interpretation of the situation created by the Locarno Agreement, is scheduled to appear in the next number of the Bolshevist propaganda journal, the *Communist International*.]

THE events of the summer of 1925 compel us to review with care our international situation. The most important of these events were (*a*) the uprising in China, (*b*) the effort of the English Conservatives to cause a rupture between England and Russia and to organize a coalition against us, and (*c*) the steady procession of Labor delegations from Western Europe who came to see with their own eyes how things were in the Soviet Union.

Events in China must inevitably overturn any balance of power or partial balance of power set up by capitalist diplomacy. Their historical significance is very great, and their influence will be felt increasingly in all international relations. The claim of the imperialists that Moscow fomented the China uprising is naturally false. Nevertheless, there is a certain logic in that opinion. For the mere existence of the Soviet Union is a constant challenge to imperialism in the Orient. Even the first Russian Revolution in 1905, although it failed to end Tsarism and only scotched it, had a profound influence in awakening the Far East.

The leaders of English imperialism learned a good lesson from the Chinese last May and June. One of its immediate results was the granting of trivial concessions to the bourgeois native upper class in India, which was agitating for independence. But there are times when concessions to the upper classes merely increase the demands of the masses. That will surely be India's case.

China's revolt in 1925 did not win an immediate victory, but there is every indication that it stirred up the country throughout its entire breadth and to its depths; that this experience has been an education for the Chinese

[1]From *Die Rote Fahne* (Berlin official Communist daily), *October* 27

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masses, and that a new spirit, sure to bear fruit in further movements of still greater compass, has taken possession of the whole Orient.

Certain opportunist politicians have suggested that the Soviet Union adopt a neutral attitude toward the Nationalist movement in the Orient and concentrate its attention upon Western Europe. Wise fools like that overlook the following trifles: (1) their policy, so far as it involves renouncing the tactics of a world revolution, means completely abandoning Leninism; (2) Western imperialists, with whom it is suggested that we ally ourselves, look upon the Soviet Union as an Orient more dangerous than China; and (3), it is impossible to remain neutral in respect to a movement involving hundreds of millions of people, even if we would. Such a policy as these crack-brained fellows advise would not really be neutrality, but would be taking sides with Western imperialism against the Far East. We should be merely helping those imperialists to crush in succession first China and then Russia.

The principal hope of the awakening Orient is the Soviet Union. The great revolution that transformed Russia from a chain gang of imprisoned nationalities into a brotherly family of autonomous peoples enjoying equal rights is naturally a shining beacon of hope for the enslaved masses of Asia. That sentiment is a great source of strength for the Soviet Union in the international battlefield, and for that very reason the imperialists are intent upon overthrowing the Soviet Union as soon as possible.

Our experience with the English Conservatives during the last few months reveals a direct attempt to break off relations with us and to pave the way for a war against us. Why were the English Conservatives in such a hurry to do this? The question of foreign loans was handled with the utmost procrastination. But we have demonstrated that the Soviet Union can, if necessary, get along without such loans. Our authorities made great concessions in order to get an advance of from two to three hundred million gold rubles from Comrade MacDonald when he was Premier. They failed. But luckily we received in 1925 a liberal loan from Comrade Harvest on far more favorable terms. We shall therefore be able to spend about nine hundred and seventy million rubles upon industrial improvements during the coming fiscal year. To be sure, two thirds of this must be used to put former factories and works into good condition, and only three hundred million will be available for new establishments. But even that is a mighty step forward.

The economic strength of the Soviet Union will grow without foreign aid. And who knows if this economic recovery may not facilitate getting foreign loans at some future time on far better conditions. International imperialism sees with increasing clearness that the next few years will be decisive, that within even five years the economic situation of the Soviet Union will so improve that the working people of the world will realize its success. The Union will be placed on such a solid footing that it would be madness to make war against it. Meanwhile the disorders in the Far East spur English imperialism to action. It is now or never for the leaders of the capitalist bourgeoisie.

The advance guard of the international proletariat must therefore keep on the alert, forewarned as to where the danger of the next war lies. Only the leaders of the Second International, who are growing more self-satisfied every day with their liveries

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as lackeys of imperialism, refuse as yet to recognize that peril.

The English Conservatives failed in this year's campaign. Why? First of all, English imperialism was not ready to risk an independent attack. So it tried to form a coalition with other imperialist Powers. Its leaders are shrewd enough to see that if it came to an international showdown between the proletarian revolution and imperialism, the dividing line between the opposing armies would not be national boundaries, but class boundaries running straight through the heart of every Western country.

English imperialism, therefore, strove first to isolate the Soviet Union. The old school of English diplomacy is extremely clever at patient, persistent, farseeing negotiations, especially when it is isolating a rival. It thinks nothing of taking ten or twenty years for such an operation. But in the present case ten or twenty years will be too long; for inside that period the Soviet Union, backed by the international proletariat, will have gained such prestige and strength that a war against it would be madness. So the British imperialists tried to perform their isolating act last summer in ten or twenty weeks. They had to come out into the open. Prominent British newspapers frankly declared that the English banks would advance ample funds to Germany if that country would join Great Britain against Russia.

But what reception did these overtures get? All the Powers to whom the English imperialists proposed an offensive alliance against Russia refused the proffer. The French were too much preoccupied with a war in Morocco, a revolt in Syria, and threatened bankruptcy at home. Japanese Imperialism had not recovered from the shock of the great earthquake, and feared complications with its now thoroughly aroused neighbor, China. American imperialism was on the lookout to pick up something worth while in the growing agitation among the British colonies and semi-colonies. But the chief reason was that no bourgeois régime dared mobilize a great army against the Soviet Union. To have done so would have been to run a tremendous risk of inviting its own overthrow. Not one of them would even venture to blockade Soviet Russia, for fear of serious complications at home.

So all last summer we saw English imperialism openly beckoning to France, Japan, America, and several smaller Powers, to come and help her attack Russia. But her beckoning was unanswered. Each of the nations approached answered courteously that it would naturally be happy under more favorable conditions to consider the question of throttling the Soviet Government, but that just at present it had other things on hand.

This forced the English imperialists to relinquish for the time being their idea of attacking Russia directly, and even of breaking off relations with her. But they are only waiting for a better opportunity. These Western imperialists are persistent and bitter enemies. They will try the same thing again and again, and if we are caught off our guard they may seize the opportunity to strike.

The steady procession of Labor delegations from the bourgeois countries that visited Russia last summer was extremely significant, and of immense importance, not only as an education for labor at large, but also as a prophylaxis against war. We can say confidently that a perception of the danger of a new war has penetrated the minds, not only of the leaders of the Moderate Socialists, but also of working people of no political party.

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The rank and file of the workers of Europe and America begin to realize, by a sort of proletarian instinct, that war is actually threatened. Unquestionably, consciousness of that peril will be a powerful, perhaps the most powerful, force drawing the international proletariat together during the next few years.

So delegations of Social Democrats and of nonpartisan workers have been coming to see with their own eyes what really was going on in Russia, whether we were organizing a true socialist society, and, if so, how successfully. As a result of these visits, sympathy and confidence in the Soviet Union are sure to increase among the very sections of the proletariat that have hitherto been most skeptical. They realize also that the present capitalist system inevitably leads to new imperialist wars, unless the workers of the whole world unite.

THE CAPTURE OF GREECE BY GREEKS[1]

BY STANLEY CASSON

GREECE is to-day passing through a social revolution that is of far greater consequence than any of the political revolutions that have so frequently decorated the headlines of newspapers in recent years. This revolution is gradual and on the surface imperceptible, but all the more fundamental for those very reasons. It was no mere catchword 'slogan' that was raised during the last revolution some months ago when the cry of 'better streets and metaled roads' struck a discordant note in a symphony that had usually had 'Back to Byzantium' as its theme. The military clique who engineered that political coup were primarily concerned with their own preferment, an increase of military prestige, and less political interference with their privileges; but they had to deal with an entirely new factor in the State, and one that is but three years old — the Refugees. Hence, in addition to the conventional battle-cries, they were compelled to pay the piper who played for their dance on terms of his own. Therefore, 'greater care of our refugees' and 'better roads' and other hotchpotch of a primitive social-reform party tempered the ferocity of the veterans of the General Staff. This is a portent and a prodigy. It means the death while still embryonic of Hellenic Fascism. Where a hundred politicians would have been of no avail, the homely peasant of Anatolia has pulled the strings and made the puppets dance.

The body of refugees constitutes for Greece a future the economic and social possibilities of which are incalculable. They are men who would not be in Greece at all were it not for their endurance, their bravery, or their industry. The wealthy refugee one can disregard, because he would have reached safety in any case by virtue of his wealth; and this he invariably did at a very early stage of the debacle in 1922. The men who count are the

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *October* 31

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hordes of intelligent peasants and artisans from the towns and countryside of Anatolia and Pontus, the majority illiterate, or — which is nearly as bad for the Athenian — conversant only with obscure tongues like Armenian, Georgian, Pontic Greek, or Laze. But they have the natural talents of all who have survived the last ten years of Turkish rule, and the natural hatred of everything military which service in a variety of mismanaged armies or prison camps has instilled. They are determined to make money by their hands or brains, and to take, not only a part, but a prominent part in the control of the country that has received them back to its not too welcoming arms.

They are the more fitted for the tasks of citizenship because on the one hand they are more Hellenic than the Hellenes, and on the other more accustomed to hard work and hard living than their mainland brothers. The peasants of Attica, whose native tongue is not Greek but Albanian, — as you may hear in any little Attic café, — and their compatriots of Bœotia and the bulk of the Peloponnese, have now to face a serious competition. And the Albanian element of Central Greece, which must be at least sixty per cent of the population, is not a useful element in comparison with the new Hellenic strain. Every recent movement of a retrograde nature, like the recall of Constantine, the election of Gounaris, or the earlier troubles during the war of the lawless elements that called themselves the 'Reservists League,' were all fomented by and composed of the Albanized elements. That is why Sparta, Thebes, and Attica, and sometimes Patras, were always to the fore in any mutiny, reactionary revolution, or dishonest election that took place. These are the Albanizing centres.

But there is no conflict between the new and the old except that of efficient industry against idle opportunism. The work of the refugees is everywhere evident, and their determination to get good treatment is the result of their own endeavor. In the old days before the war the arrival of refugees in 1912 and 1913 was the signal for public outbursts of sympathy and private activities in peculation, extortion, and exploitation. 'Help for the refugees' produced more winks than subscriptions. But now all that is changed, and no politician dare set forth his views unless they include schemes for an improved treatment of the refugee problems. This end is achieved not so much by persuasion or by public opinion as by an efficient organization of a publicity department by the refugees themselves. They have their own small news-sheets and their own large cafés. In the former they ventilate the grievances that they elucidate in the latter. All this they do with cheerfulness and humor, with little of the rancor and spite that characterizes the journals of Athens and the provinces in their internecine warfare.

One such refugee broadsheet published at Saloniki is called, simply enough, *The Ass*, a title given in all humility, not to the Government, but to themselves. The refugee is there depicted as the poor beast of burden who is beaten and kicked and prodded, sometimes led into a ditch and sometimes given oats. Another organ of propaganda is the marionette theatre, named after its hero 'Karageuz,' the *Punch* of the Near East. In every town, however small, and in many villages, you will see every night the open-air stage with its shadow-screen and the little figures in Oriental costume made of painted transparent camel-skin performing their antics to the accompaniment of the usual interminable

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but quite harmonious music. Before 1922 there was only one Karageuz theatre in Athens (near Kolonaki), and few if any in the provinces. Now they are the chief entertainment, not only of the refugees, but of the whole of Greece: everyone goes to them, and you will find them even in the abodes of the idle rich like Lutraki, near Corinth, the chief spa of Central Greece. These little playhouses find that the traditional scenes from the life of Karageuz are insufficient for their purposes, so in every theatre there are new and up-to-date additions in the true spirit of Aristophanes. Politicians, generals, and personages are all alike gibed at and made fun of. Here, indeed, is a safety-valve for feelings and a real agony-column for the ventilation of woes in comic garb.

Meanwhile, the heterogeneous mass of the refugees is getting to work. Their ramshackle hutments and shanties that fill all the spare corners of Athens, and now spread across the open ground between the city and Hymettus, are gradually giving place to more solid buildings. The roads of Attica, which three years of unremitting heavy traffic have worn into potholes a foot deep, are just, but only just, beginning to be remade. Among the refugees are whole colonies of skilled workers from the industries of Anatolia. In fact, no one realized until now how many of the so-called Turkish industries were really Greek. Carpet factories are springing up all over Attica, and in the carpet shops you can buy Pergamum, Ladik, and Gjördes carpets of modern styles for reasonable sums. They differ from the Asiatic versions only in their material, which is inferior, since only Attic wool is used, and in their shades of color, since the dyers have not yet accommodated themselves to the subtleties of strange airs and waters. Nearly the whole of the Kutaia pot-makers fled from that town with the retreating Greek armies, and now are establishing factories in Athens, with the help of substantial capital from outside. In the city you can now buy the pleasant blue wares of the potters for prices that one would pay for earthenware in England.

In the north the refugees lead a less sophisticated life. The tobacco-growers have settled in and near Kavala and Xanthi, and earn good pay. The merchants consider them better than the Turks at their work, particularly the Greeks from Trebizond. In Macedonia a hundred new villages of uniform wooden and brick huts have sprung up for the more agricultural elements. Thracians and Caucasian Greeks of a previous immigration in 1919 share villages and work their fields in the incredibly fertile soil of that province. Saloniki, in its Phœnix-like rebuilding from its ashes, employs thousands of builders and masons, and instructs hundreds more in the simple art of ferro-concrete. Hotels, shops, and flats are springing up on every hand; boulevards and metaled roads emerge from the ruins. Greece is beginning to realize that she has a future that is not based on a triumphal entry through the Golden Gate of Stamboul.

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CHILE SPEAKS VIA PERU[1]

BY JACKIE DEITRICK

[CHILE's version of the Tacna-Arica situation is indifferently reported, so far as the journals that reach our office record, compared with the emotional and sympathetic picture that the Peruvian *West Coast Leader's* correspondent paints of conditions there. This installment of her story has the virtue of relating, though through a highly colored medium, the Chilean side of the story.]

To be perfectly frank, when I climbed the stairs of the Intendencia yesterday, accompanied by Miss Sarah Wambaugh, American Plebiscite Expert, and handed my card to the attendant at the door of the most important office in Tacna, I never expected to last fifteen minutes once, if ever, I got on the other side of that door. If, under similar circumstances, anyone had popped at me the embarrassing questions with which, with no warning whatsoever, Intendente Luis Barceló found himself confronted, I should have risen, pale and trembling, and perpetrated a quite unprecedented example of homicide right on the spot.

My ability to chronicle at the present moment the results of our visit bears testimony to the fact that Señor Barceló suffered no such violent reaction. On the contrary, his serenity was a thing sublime. I'm not sure whether it was respect for my venomous pen, his colossal sense of humor, or his admitted weakness for the fair sex, that saved the day. At any rate, our call lasted two hours, and when we finally took our leave our spoils consisted of one autographed photo and a cordial invitation to come again.

Before I set before my readers my faithful reproduction of our little chat, I wish to make it understood that I by no means labor under the illusion that my interview will prove of value, either to the Peruvian Commission as a revelation of Chile's deep-laid plans for the future, or to the public in general as a satisfactory solution and justification of the present situation. Also I wish to disclaim all responsibility for the statements made therein in the name of the Señor Intendente. That caballero acknowledges that he agrees quite whole-heartedly with the Chilean press conception of me as the world's greatest liar. While I respect his opinion as an authority, I protest that so far my conscience is clean, and beg that he take particular note, as he reads these lines, of my honest endeavor to keep it that way.

About fifteen minutes after we had sent in our cards, we were beckoned by the attendant, and wandering through three doors came upon the object of our search, a plumpish person with a not at all forbidding face, just turning away from his desk. We introduced ourselves and were waved toward seats.

'I'm from the *West Coast Leader*, señor,' I explained, 'as you probably noticed on my card —'

'Yes, I've read the translations of your articles in *La Prensa*,' he smiled.

[1]From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), *October 27*

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'And it would give me much pleasure if you would consent to talk to me a few moments for my paper.'

'*Cómo no?*' he nodded pleasantly.

'If it is not convenient for you right at present, we can return this afternoon. We don't wish to bother you if you are busy —'

'I always have time for the *niñas*,' he assured us.

'You speak English, no?' I queried hopefully.

'It is my misfortune that I do not,' he mourned.

'It certainly is,' I agreed, 'because you will therefore have to put up with my very poor *Castellano*.' I opened my notebook.

'*Bueno, señor*, I have here several little questions which perhaps you will do me the favor of answering. First, an opinion regarding the present situation — these demonstrations of hostility — in Tacna and Arica.'

'But are you really in need of an opinion?' His eyes were twinkling outrageously. 'I have noticed that you already have very definite opinions of your own.'

'We must understand each other,' I said. 'It is my great misfortune, señor, that I have had opportunity to hear only one side of the story. As you know, I am living on the Ucayali with the Peruvian Delegation, and I have naturally become somewhat prejudiced in my ideas. The reason I have come to see you to-day is because I have realized that it is not fair to go on as I have been doing, without giving the other side a chance to speak. Pleading for justice as I have done, I wish to accord justice also.

'You don't believe me?' I demanded in a most injured tone as he offered no reply.

He shrugged smilingly.

'I have been fooled much by the ladies. That is why I am a bachelor still.'

'Then perhaps we can restore your lost faith,' I soothed. 'Now as to that opinion?'

'Well,' said he, hitching around in his chair and getting down to business, 'I consider this situation nothing more than an entirely normal one — one to be found accompanying any election the world over.'

'You mean that these assaults and robberies and beatings in the streets occur whenever a national or international issue is before the public?'

'Exactly. In Chile, in any part of South America, even in the United States, when two opposing Parties meet under similar circumstances, the same situation must be contended with. It is inevitable that the conflicting sentiment should produce demonstrations such as have taken place in Tacna and Arica.'

'But,' I demurred, 'don't you think the degree varies? Is n't there a little more hostility being displayed here than usual?'

'No!' — rather defiantly; 'I don't believe it. No!'

'But who is responsible?' I pursued. 'Can we be assured that it is the people of the streets, and not, as we sometimes suspect, the — the —'

'The authorities?' he supplied, laughing it off as though it were quite the best joke he had ever heard.

'How would it be possible that the authorities should be the ones to promote a state of affairs so obviously against their own interests, so injurious to the progress of the plebiscite that will settle this long-disputed question and put an end to this ridiculous enmity that has kept two nations, which ought to have been friends, apart for almost a half-century?'

'You consider all this a harm, then, instead of an aid, to Chile's cause?'

'A very great harm,' he replied. 'How could it possibly be an aid?'

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'Then why has n't it been stopped?' I demanded. 'Who is the man to put an end to it? Have you sufficient power yourself, or is it a matter for Señor Edwards to attend to, or the President of Chile?'

It was quite impossible to ruffle the man. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself.

'Show me the executive,' he challenged, 'in any city in the world who can pound his fist down, thus, and say, "There will be no more crime! Because I will it so, all robberies, all assaults, all infractions of the law, shall cease!" If executives had such ability, there would be no need for police, for courts of justice, for jails! An ideal state of affairs, but, alas, an impracticable one.'

'But it is possible to a certain extent to prevent such outrages,' I protested. 'If it were not, the police and courts of justice and jails that you mention would have been given up as wastes of energy long ago.'

'True,' he nodded. 'And I assure you that the authorities of the province of Tacna have taken all feasible measures to alter the situation.'

'What, for instance?' I pressed.

'Why, we have doubled our police force, and stationed guards at almost every street-corner with specific written instructions —'

'To look the other way?' I almost suggested.

'— as to their procedure,' he finished.

I had been translating to Miss Wambaugh from time to time.

'Tell him,' she said, 'that for the book which I expect to write on the Plebiscite I am collecting material of all sorts for reproduction. Ask him if he has any copies of those orders to the police that I might have.'

'Unfortunately, I have not such copies in my office,' he replied to my question. 'If you will go to the Governor's you will be given what you seek, there.'

'But,' I went on, 'although your police have been told what to do, do you feel that they have always complied with their duty?'

'When they have not,' he returned, 'they have been punished.'

'And do you think that the measures the authorities have taken have really improved the situation?'

'I hope so, and I believe so,' he said earnestly.

'But there is one thing I don't quite understand,' I continued. 'My friends, the editors of *La Voz del Sur*, said you told them that if they would come to you as soon as they arrived in Tacna and ask security during the performance of their day's work you would guarantee that they might move at will, unmolested. How, if the authorities have nothing to do with the assaults by the populace, can you make such a promise, and be assured of the effect of your influence?'

'Why —' For the first time he became just the slightest bit agitated. 'They don't have to come here to get their safety guaranteed! If they feel any better for doing so, they're welcome to, of course. But they've got guaranties already. Every Peruvian has guaranties!'

'Then why do they keep on getting hit?'

'Why do the Chileans keep on getting hit?' he demanded. 'Every day our courts are filled with our own people complaining of the same sort of treatment!'

'By the Peruvians?'

'No, by their fellow countrymen! The Peruvians are n't the only ones to suffer assaults and robberies! Do you think that natives of the same country never fight among themselves?'

'And have you cases in your courts of Peruvians attacking Chileans?'

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'I have not heard of such cases,' he admitted, neglecting to mention the two or three carabineers who were supposed to have fallen before Peruvian ruthlessness, or to claim that Miguel Herrera, murdered on the sixth of September, was a countryman of his.

A little silence.

'So you really think Peru has guaranties?' I mused.

'Certainly! The newspaper gentlemen you spoke of have never been harmed in Tacna, have they? Have either of you ladies ever been molested? Señorita Wambaugh has been over here several times. Has she ever met with any disagreeable experience at the hands of the Chileans?'

'But she's an American,' I protested.

'But employed by the Peruvian Commission,' he reminded slyly.

I consulted my notebook again.

'We should like to have explained to us, señor, the significance of certain decrees that have been passed. That one, for instance, limiting travel to the main roads. And the one about hotels and private homes having to turn in the names of their guests to the authorities.'

'*Cómo no?*' he nodded. 'That decree regarding the roads was to protect the Peruvians. Our police forces being concentrated in the towns, it is impossible to place guards along every little path and byway through the countryside. As for the guest regulation, that has always been a part of the penal code of Chile, and is also a health and sanitary measure.'

'How about the secret police? Just what part do they play in the Plebiscite?'

'Exactly the same as in every city in the world. When an assault is committed, they arrest the guilty one and bring him before the court for sentence. When an article is stolen, they track down the person under suspicion, restore the recovered goods to the owners, and punish the thief.'

'Then Miss Wambaugh and I are suspected of thieving?' I asked.

'How do you mean?'

'Why, every time we go ashore to do a bit of shopping we are trailed by members of the secret police, — sometimes two or three or four or five of them, — who never let us out of their sight!'

'I did not know of that.' The sly twinkle returned to his eyes. 'I cannot believe that they are police. Is it not possible that they are admirers? When I was a young fellow, I often followed the *niñas* thus.'

'Tell him,' suggested Miss Wambaugh, 'that we're sure he would n't have permitted so much competition.'

'And so I did always endeavor to eliminate it,' he nodded. 'But generally it was somebody else who did the eliminating. That is another reason why I am still a bachelor.'

We expressed our sympathy.

'Well,' I went on, 'we could overlook the matter of being trailed like criminals if only our trailers were a little more inspiring. If we really must undergo this slight embarrassment, we demand that our pursuers be handsome.'

'Then we will change them,' he promised indulgently. 'We will change them.'

'About the bundles,' prompted Miss Wambaugh.

'Oh, yes — another thing. When, on our way back to the dock, we find that we have loaded ourselves with purchases, — which we are given to understand no true lady ever does in Arica, — may we not request that since these gentlemen are going our way they carry our bundles for us?'

'*Cómo no?*' he agreed magnanimously. 'Certainly they shall do it — if they are willing. But since such an act is not exactly in line of duty, I

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regret that I cannot give you a written order to that effect.'

I opened my notebook again.

'To return to the Plebiscite, is it your opinion, señor, that it can be held under the conditions that exist at present?'

'Certainly,' he retorted. 'Why not?'

'A just plebiscite?' I insisted.

'That is the only kind that the authorities desire.'

'But when there are so few Peruvians here now, and so many outrages are being committed against them, how will it be possible to secure guaranties for all the thousands who will arrive for the voting?'

'It will be possible. We shall take every measure to protect them, adding still further to our police force. You shall see that the authorities will keep faith.'

'The reason it is difficult to believe that the authorities are not keeping faith at present,' I remarked, 'is that in every robbery that has occurred so far propaganda papers rather than personal valuables have seemed to be the primary object of the thefts.'

'That is quite natural. The thieves are undoubtedly propagandists themselves. It is not necessary that they be directed by the authorities to perpetrate the little crimes that are to their own interests.'

'Do you consider that we — ' (that too-habitual 'we' had been slipping by during the entire conversation) 'that Peru has a right to carry on her propaganda?'

'Of course — of course! If Chile has her workers, certainly the identical right is Peru's! Interference with that right is a thing for the police to attend to.'

'And you sanction the selling of *La Voz del Sur?*'

'Of course! They have the right to sell it, and they do sell it! I buy it!'

'When all this conflict over this long-argued question is ended, what, in your opinion, will be the after-situation? Will friendship between Chile and Peru be resumed, no matter how the vote goes?'

'Yes. Chile and Peru must be friends again because each is indispensable to the other. Peru has products that Chile has not, and Chile produces things that Peru lacks. Chile will want to restore relations at once, and Peru will no doubt feel the same. How foolish this long period of estrangement has been after all! All this hostility — this showing of teeth — how utterly ridiculous — now groundless!'

'You don't think that Peru has had any cause for resentment?'

'But what cause? Chile has always wanted to have the plebiscite. It was Peru who held back. It was Peru who acted in bad faith.'

'And you don't feel that Chile's treatment of the residents of the provinces justifies the enmity of Peru?'

'What treatment ?'

'Why, the deportations! Don't the authorities acknowledge that there have been such cases ?'

'Fifty-two cases, yes. That is all.'

'In the entire province of Tacna?'

'In the entire province of Tacna.'

'And why were they sent away?'

'For one reason and another.'

'You mentioned, señor, having read my articles. Tell me, do you believe that all I have written is a lie?'

'*Cómo no?*' said he pleasantly.

'Well, do you think I made it up out of my own head, or that the people I talked to told me untruths?'

He deliberated a moment.

'Everyone has the right to say whatever he pleases,' he replied rather ambiguously.

'Let's call off hostilities now,' I laughed, 'and talk about your own personal self.'

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'What would you like to hear about me?'

'Any little thing of interest.'

'I am fifty-three years old.'

'Thank you. And where were you born?'

'In Valparaiso.'

'And you went to school there?'

'No, in Santiago. I attended the National Institute and the University of Chile. I was Professor of Commercial Law at the University for twenty-three years. Early in 1921 I came to Tacna and became Intendente, and have held that office ever since.'

'Does that represent the fulfillment of an ambition?'

'No, my chief ambition has so far not been fulfilled. All my life I have tried to get married, but something has always interfered. I have not given up, however. I shall get married yet.'

'Perhaps you are the more fortunate for your misfortune.'

'Well, there is this way of looking at it. Marriage has many inconveniences, one of the greatest of which is its duration. If one waits until one is old, the time will be shorter.'

'Have you traveled much?'

'No! So far I have been no farther away from home than Argentina. After we win the Plebiscite I shall take a trip to New York.'

'Are you sure you're going to win?'

'Of course.'

'What makes you think so?'

'Why, we have many more voters than Peru!'

'But how does that happen? Originally, when this territory was under Peru, almost every inhabitant was Peruvian. What has become of them all?'

'Many have left,' he shrugged. 'Many have left, and many have died.'

'There, at least, we agree,' I said.

ON THE BRAZILIAN FRONTIER[1]

BY COLIN ROSS

'So after working our fingers to the bone for two months on the plantation, the thing blew up.' The young ex-officer stopped speaking and stared at me.

'How was that?'

'Blew up. No more money. We could n't go on. Besides that, the land did n't really belong to us. Our head man, Captain Gamiltschek, who had been managing the whole affair, had n't got a good title. Or some said he had cooked up the whole thing with the sellers and divided the plunder. In any case, we 'd lost our money. They told us we could stay on the plantation, but not as part owners — only as wage-earners. We tried to find Gamiltschek. He had vanished. Some said he had skipped out to São Paulo, others to Rio, and others to Europe. Wherever he went, there we were, stranded.'

In der Heimat, in der Heimat,
Da gibt's ein Wiedersehen.

The old rickety gramophone had an ugly, rasping sound.

[1]From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Conservative daily), *October* 4

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'Beautiful record, is n't it?' said the landlord, coming up to us ingratiatingly. The other guests at our hotel in Port União sat listening pensively.

Krrrrrrr! The record was cracked. The landlord lifted the needle with an embarrassed air.

'Well, what did you do then?' I asked the young Austrian.

'What men do in such cases. We scattered to all four points of the compass.'

'And you?'

'I'm a shoemaker now.'

'A shoemaker? Where did you learn the trade?'

'Why, you see, what they call a trade here in South Brazil is n't hard to learn.'

The landlord had put on a new record.

Siegreich woll'n wir Frankreich schlagen,
Sterben als ein tapferer He..l..d.

A shabby-looking fellow at the next table stood up and with clownlike gestures pretended to be leading an orchestra. But there was not the lightest flicker of humor in his face — instead a look of settled melancholy.

'Who's that?' I asked.

'Oh, he? The Major. He was one of our company.'

'Gamiltschek's?'

'Yes.'

'What's he doing now?'

'You're looking at him.'

'But what does he live on?'

'Whatever a man lives on here. Perhaps somebody's paid for his dinner to-day.' He shrugged his shoulders and addressed himself to the supper that the landlord had just set in front of him — black beans, rice, and roast beef. 'There's enough to eat. Nobody starves in this country.'

'We'll have a right fine record now,' said the landlord. A voice rasped out of the horn, 'The German Michael and His Enemies: a Humorous Intermezzo.' The major with the clownish gestures and the melancholy eyes mounted a chair for more effect.

Was machen wir mit dem Franzos?
Da fällt ein Dutzend auf jeden Stoss.

Someone in the pantry laughed. The landlord said, 'Fine, is n't it?' The guests nodded. The Major mimicked an accompanist.

Wie steht's mit dem Russ . . .
Gleich ein Hundert auf jeden Schuss.

Time deposits a hard crust around our hearts, but at times it is shattered to fragments. I jumped up, exclaiming impatiently: 'That 's enough of those idiotic records!'

The other people stared at me with blank astonishment. I went outdoors, into a soft, tropical night and a marvelously clear sky almost too profusely studded with stars, as it seemed to me. I strolled down the street. There were no sidewalks or pavements. The roadway was rough and rutted, and broader than the Ringstrasse in Vienna or Unter den Linden in Berlin. On either side stood little frame houses. In this country men lay out towns confident that they will become great metropolises. And who knows? Perhaps fifty years from now this muddy street will look like the Avenida Branco in Rio. *Quién sabe!* Who knows?

A ribbon of light fell across the street from the open door of a one-story house. Within several men and women — all Germans — were sitting in a large room. In their midst was a young girl indescribably graceful and dainty — a mere child with blonde curls over her ears, and eyes that it was hard to think of otherwise than as laughing. But she looked a little sad just now. I entered and joined the other people who were waiting. A corpulent, prosperous-looking woman was seated behind a desk. 'You also want to see my husband?'

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I nodded. 'Yes. He said he would be back to-night.'

We waited.

'So you say you recommend San Pedro colony particularly?' said one of the men. They were newly arrived immigrants who wanted to buy land from the agent of a colonization company.

'What do the lots sell for?' I asked the lady.

'Only two thousand milreis.'

'Two thousand milreis! They charge only three hundred and fifty at the Government colony in Cruz Machada,' I said, turning to the man who inquired about San Pedro. 'Why don't you purchase there?'

A malignant glance was darted at me from behind the desk, but the woman merely said: 'The gentlemen know how bad the land at Cruz Machada is, and that everyone who goes there comes back. But in San Pedro — here are the last crop reports.'

One of the men stood up and went to the desk, leaving the seat by the young woman vacant. I took it, and speaking to the girl, whom someone addressed as Anna, said: 'And you, my child, are also going out into the wilderness?'

'Of course. What do you suppose?' Her blue eyes lighted up merrily. 'Why should the wilderness be so bad?'

'But those delicate hands cannot chop down trees.'

'Oh, that's all right. There are four of us — my husband, my sister, my brother-in-law, and I.' Her husband, sitting on the other side of her, was a little, scrawny fellow with a student's face, wearing big tortoise-shell glasses. 'None of us would have come alone, of course, but we two sisters did n't want to be separated, and we thought it would be such fun out in the wild country with the monkeys and orchids.'

The agent did not come. It was eleven o'clock when we finally gave up waiting for him. Out on the street we stood a moment undecided what to do. Then the girl exclaimed: 'Oh, Hans, let's go back to the café!'

We found the Major there, sitting at an empty table. When we entered he rose and joined us. 'So you have come for a nightcap, ladies and gentlemen.'

Each one made a mental calculation before he ordered. Savings melt rapidly in this country. A moment later the land agent dropped in and ordered beer at a milreis a bottle for everyone. 'Drink hearty, drink hearty!' He kept filling our glasses. A colonist had come back with him and told marvelous stories about San Pedro. The men listened. I talked with the girl.

'Tell me honestly, my child, how old are you?'

'Seventeen already.'

'Really seventeen? How long ago?'

'Three days ago. Monday was my birthday.'

She had married eight days before leaving Germany. Her husband was a surveyor; her brother-in-law and sister had sold a prosperous grocery store. They still had a little money left.

'But we have got to be very economical,' interrupted Hans.

They had come over in the steerage, and had had their full share of hardships on the steamer and in the Brazilian immigration stations in Rio and Curitiba. Men, women, and children were all herded together in one big room, where they ate, lived, and slept.

'You see, we've got a good ways to go,' she told me when they left. 'We are living over in the immigration station.'

'The hotel is too dear,' added her husband.

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'But the fleas — how I dread them! Come over to-morrow and see us,' was the girl's parting remark.

The immigration station was merely a dilapidated shed of rough boards with a passage down the middle and mangerlike bunks on either side. It was reasonably clean.

'You ought to have seen the place when we got here,' said the girl. 'We've got it pretty decent now, but we have n't driven away the fleas.'

The men were absent. They had gone to San Pedro to look over the lots. Anna was repacking her trunk. The sister came in from her washing and lamented: '*Ach?* And we were not forced to do it. When I think of my home back in Germany! And our business! See here,' and she showed me the photograph of a comfortable middle-class house.

'Why did you leave?'

'*Ach!*'

'Well, we're here now, anyway,' said Anna decisively. And her sister returned to her washing.

Although the forenoon was already well advanced, most of the other people at the station were still lying in their bunks. What else was there to do? They were waiting for a company to leave.

And leave they did the following day, headed for the very edge of the frontier in huge, creaking wagons piled high with luggage and crowded with people, each drawn by a twelve-mule team. I saw Anna and her husband sitting on a huge chest as they drove past the hotel. She had put on a pretty blue dress as if she were going to a party, and waved her handkerchief at me as they lumbered on in a cloud of dust.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET

BY J. G. W. HEAVEN

[*Poetry Review*]

Not unto that great feast that Christ ordained
In memory of his mysterious sacrifice
Of crucifixion: but, having before our eyes
The Star of Bethlehem, — like the kings, who reigned
In three far countries, and as one constrained,
To pilgrimage, — so we this morning rise
And gather in spirit where the Godhead lies
Low in a manger, humbly entertained.

Stretch forth, you Baby, stretch your little hands
(Accepting gifts we offer, though nothing worth),
Hands small, yet full of riches, over the earth;
Laugh with your laughing worshipers in all lands;
Give joy wherewith to adore you; and teach us how
To spread that joy, that all may adore you now.

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FLYING TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW[1]

BY W. HILLMANN

FIRST of all, let us rid our minds of the idea that flying is a difficult art requiring remarkable acrobatic gifts. No different qualities are required to steer an airplane than to steer a motor-car. It takes a normal person no longer to learn to fly than to learn to ride a bicycle — and indeed the two accomplishments are somewhat alike. I mastered the art in 1913 upon what was then considered a very swift and cranky Bristol monoplane, after a very few flights, and I know many old aviators who learned in two hours or less.

To be sure, there are many kinds of flying. In the same way that you would not trust a green driver to steer an automobile through a crowded city street, so you would not send a green aviator up in an airplane under perilous weather-conditions. It takes time and practice to become a skillful flyer just as it does to become a skillful chauffeur or locomotive-driver.

In the second place, the danger of flying is vastly exaggerated. Some people think it must be very difficult to keep one's equilibrium in the air; others, that the higher you ascend the greater the danger from a fall; still others, that the stoppage of the motor spells inevitable disaster. The falsity of these prejudices is proved by the statistics of commercial air-lines. Accidents in air traffic are not markedly higher than in other rapid-transportation services, by automobile, omnibus, and railway. Disasters due to faults of construction have been brought down to about the engineering minimum. Risks can never be reduced to zero.

One of the most common fallacies regarding flying is that motor troubles mean a fall. Now, every aviator stops his motor before landing. He remains in the air by converting his rate of descent into rate of progression — that is, by gliding. It is the ordinary thing to land without using the motor. That is one of the elementary tests of the apprentice aviator. Consequently a voluntary and an involuntary motor-stoppage differ only in so far as the first always occurs above a landing-field, while the latter may happen with no suitable landing-place in reach. But a full stop without warning is very rare. A motor generally shows symptoms of trouble some time before it ceases to function entirely, so that the flyer has time to look out for a suitable place for an emergency landing. In fact, the practised flyer instinctively studies his route for such spots even when there is no occasion to use them.

Naturally, the greater the altitude of the plane, the better the chance of a safe landing, for the gliding-range increases with each metre above the earth. In the same way that a ship is safest in the open sea, so an airplane is safest in the upper air. The dangers for the first lurk near the coast, the dangers for the second near the ground.

Let me illustrate this by two little

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), *November*.

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incidents from my own experience. One was when I was learning. I was returning from my first long flight alone. The rhythmic humming of my motor made me so sleepy that I had difficulty in keeping awake. I had risen laboriously to a height of about twenty-five hundred feet, with a clear view over a wide expanse of territory in all directions. I must have fallen into a drowse, when my right wing struck an air-pocket and the pitch of my cranky plane shook me out of my doze. I instinctively attempted to right myself, but, as easily happens with a beginner, made the wrong move. Instead of steering to the left in the direction in which my machine was slipping, I steered toward the right. The result was naturally to increase the slip, and I started in a tail-spin. To be sure, I detected my error at once, reversed my steering-gear, put on full power, and manipulated my elevation tiller violently in an effort to bring down the head of my machine and get back on an even keel. But I had little hope of succeeding. My eyes were glued on my altitude-recorder. Seven hundred — six hundred — five hundred metres, with the indicator moving faster every instant. I had a peculiar feeling — not of fear, though I realized my danger, but of curiosity as to how I was going to strike. At about four hundred metres I saw that my machine had slowly begun to right itself. I switched off the motor and cautiously and tentatively manipulated the elevation tiller. The plane responded. Gradually I recovered an even keel, the horizon came in sight, and I was able to go ahead at full speed on a horizontal course. A glance at my altitude-recorder indicated that I was three hundred and twenty metres above the earth. I had taken more than five hundred metres' descent to recover control of my machine. With less air-room, I should probably have had a smash. My blunder was one that no experienced flyer would have committed. I made a couple of circles around the aviation ground, and then glided down as if nothing had happened — to receive the angry reproof of my instructor at having descended so rapidly!

The second incident, which was also due to my own imprudence, occurred two years later. I was chief constructor at the Schütte-Lang Aviation Works, where I had just completed a large two-motor airplane. My silly vanity as a young engineer made me take the trial flight myself, although I was overworked and out of practice. I flew in a short circle and came back to the aviation field. In flattening out for a landing, and after I had stopped my motor on account of the limited area of the field, I thought I noticed an obstacle on the ground that might upset my machine. So I parried with my elevation rudder, but overdid it, and the three-ton machine made an abrupt sweep upward. As the motors were not pulling, and I did not dare to start them because we were approaching a high-tension transmission-line, the machine lost headway and I could not steer her. So she slipped backward at a height of about ninety feet, and only by violent manipulating of the elevation tillers was I able partially to right her, and we settled vertically on an approximately even keel. I thus escaped serious injury myself, but the airplane was completely wrecked. If I had had more elevation I might easily have landed without accident.

So the assumption that the danger of flying increases with the elevation is the reverse of the truth. In fact, the danger of flying is negligible where one has plenty of air-room. The critical times are in taking off, and especially

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in landing — that is, for only a few minutes during a flight. The advantage that the aviator has over a person driving a motor-car where there is much traffic is that he is obliged to concentrate his attention upon his course for only those two brief periods, while the automobilist must have his eye on the road and on other cars every moment of the time.

Such danger as still attends flying comes almost entirely from the relatively high speed with which a person must take off and land. In thick weather, especially, an unanticipated ground-obstacle may easily cause a serious accident. This risk is almost eliminated, however, on regular aviation-fields. It occurs mainly in connection with emergency landings, where a half-concealed ditch or boundary-stone or fence may capsize a machine. But motors have become so reliable that such landings are rarely necessary.

We have not yet as much experience in aviation construction as in automobile construction. Nevertheless, flying is about as safe to-day as traveling in a motor-car. It will be even safer when the engineering improvements that we can confidently predict in the near future have been perfected. By multiplying motors we can secure almost perfect reliability in the air and avoid emergency landings. The safety of landings, particularly in emergencies, can be increased by lessening the speed at which they are made. Already we are using several motors on our best planes, and we are making rapid progress toward reducing landing-speeds. When those two problems are satisfactorily solved the airplane will be the safest conveyance in which a person can travel, as it is already the quickest and the pleasantest. Popular distrust of flying will be as completely overcome as was the terror our grandparents felt over riding on a railway train, and our more recent timidity about using motor-cars.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE NIGERIAN JUNGLE[1]

BY N. FR. CRONSTEDT

At the outlet of the Kaduna River into the Niger, approximately a hundred English miles north of the town of Lokoja, I was engaged one year, at the end of the 1890's, in the construction of a new station for the Niger Company. The river banks were here overgrown with a tropical jungle through which it was possible to make one's way only with the aid of an axe. It was therefore hard work to clear away this mixture of big trees, vines, roots, and underbrush; but gradually it was done, and after a few weeks I had succeeded in getting the first structure built — a temporary little bungalow. It was made of logs we had cut in the forest, and contained two rooms, of which I used the larger as my office and dining-room and the smaller as a bedroom.

One of the greatest difficulties in this construction work was to get fresh food-

[1] From *Julstämning* (Swedish Christmas annual), 1924

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supplies both for myself and for my two hundred workmen. The nearest Negro village, Moraje, was some six or seven miles farther up the river, and though I had made arrangements with the chief to have sent down the river twice a week a certain number of canoes loaded with different kinds of provisions, such as maize, yams, fish, and meat, these convoys came somewhat irregularly, so that it sometimes happened that the food supply was rather meagre.

It was exactly on such an occasion — it was moreover on a Sunday — that two Englishmen arrived at my clearing. They were very young men, recently engaged in the company's service. They were on their way to Jebba, a station several days' travel farther up the river, and on account of the low water were having to travel in canoes. Such a journey is always tiresome, especially for one not accustomed to that mode of travel. To sit day after day in a cranky canoe without an opportunity to stretch one's legs becomes after a while quite trying.

As the two newcomers had been directed by the company's agent at Lokoja to call at my station in case they needed food or transportation at this point on their journey, they asked for permission to spend the night. I bade them welcome heartily, and when they informed me that it was Christmas Day, a fact I had wholly forgotten in my solitude, I invited them to dinner. We were to celebrate a real merry Christmas together. My invitation was accepted with gratitude, especially since they had been on short rations for several days, their supplies having been practically exhausted.

When they had returned to their canoes to arrange their baggage and have it carried into my bungalow, where they were to spend the night in the dining-room, I called my cook Mosa. Of all the servants I had during my many years in Africa, Mosa was incomparably the best. He had learned the art of cooking at Rabba from French missionaries, masters in conjuring the most delicious dishes out of the simplest ingredients.

'To-day, Mosa,' I said when he appeared, 'you must prepare food for three. I have invited the two white men for dinner.'

'Massa, dey ain' no food,' replied Mosa with a worried look.

'What, there is nothing to eat?' I exclaimed.

'No, Massa, canoes from Moraje no come to-day. Yams, rice, we got, but no meat, no fish.'

This was an unpleasant surprise — and here I had invited two travelers to a Christmas dinner. I asked Mosa what in his resourceful mind he had intended to serve his boss for dinner, when he had neither meat nor fish. Well, he had a small can of lobster, but that was all.

'Don't you think the Moraje canoes might come before dinner?' I asked in desperation. 'It is only half-past three, and we still have three hours before dinner time.'

Mosa did not think they would. The canoes always came in the forenoon. To-morrow they surely would be there.

The situation was extremely disconcerting. Where in the world was I to get food? The can of lobster would hardly suffice for one person, to say nothing of three. While I sat there trying to solve this baffling problem, I suddenly had an inspiration. A few days before, while clearing the forest, one of my laborers had succeeded in catching two parrots, which I had bought from him. They were two very handsome birds of a species that is supposed to be able to learn to talk. They had been named Polly and Mary,

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and now sat chained on a bar outside the kitchen. So far I had not heard them utter a single comprehensible word, but, on the other hand, they had several times spoiled my morning sleep with their infernal screechings when fighting each other.

'Mosa,' I said, 'take Mary and Polly and wring their necks. Then we'll have them cooked and served as chicken with curry and rice. That will be at least one course.'

Mosa nodded and promised to do his best. But my prospective guests were surely hungry, and since it was Christmas probably expected a fine dinner. When plucked, a parrot is after all no larger than a woodcock. I had to have one more course. I told Mosa, therefore, to take my shotgun and go out into the forest and try to shoot something edible. It did not have to be a parrot; he was given permission to shoot whatever he came across. The main thing was that we should get some more meat. In the meantime the scullion or kitchen boy could attend to Polly and Mary.

Mosa, who had learned to handle a gun, took the weapon with visible satisfaction and set out for the jungle.

A few minutes later the travelers returned with their luggage, and I had hardly had time to welcome them inside before I heard the report of a gun somewhere in the forest. I then felt considerably more at ease, for Mosa used to have good luck and was quite a good shot. A short while later, when my guests had had time to relax on my porch, I went over to the kitchen, which was a short distance behind the bungalow, to see what kind of game my cook had succeeded in obtaining.

In the kitchen door stood Mosa, with a carving knife in his hand, engaged in skinning something that hung from a hook in the ceiling.

'What did you get, Mosa?' I asked.

Mosa turned around and grinned from ear to ear.

'Lots of meat, Massa,' he said. 'Tiptop roast.'

The animal he was skinning turned out to be a big, red-furred bush-ape.

'How are you going to serve that, Mosa?'

'Make soup of some; but the haunches we roast. Better than leg of lamb.'

'Good work, Mosa. You have saved the day. At seven we dine.'

At the appointed hour we sat down at the covered table, set in my dining-room, to eat our Christmas dinner.

The soup, which was introduced as oxtail soup, was excellent, and no one had any objections to it. Next came the contents of the lobster can in the form of a prettily garnished lobster salad. From what trees or shrubs Mosa had picked the greens and vegetables, I cannot tell, but the dish looked fine, and tasted better.

When the roast leg of lamb was put on the table the mouths of my guests watered. It was done in the right way — crisp on the outside, and tender and juicy inside. It was highly praised.

At the next course Polly and Mary were to make their entry. I admit I was considerably worried over the outcome. So far everything had gone so well. And my anxiety proved groundless. Mosa had surpassed himself. Instead of being served as chicken with curry and rice, as I had proposed, Polly and Mary were served as 'African quail.' Thanks to a highly flavored sauce, in the preparation of which Mosa was a master, as a result of his French-missionary training, they tasted 'jolly good,' as my guests expressed it. Neither of them had ever eaten better-prepared 'game,' not even in the finest restaurant in London.

The desert was a banana tart, another of Mosa's specialties. And as

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the courses were washed down with a few bottles of wine, the dinner became a festive banquet from beginning to end. The atmosphere finally reached a high pitch of hilarity. Many speeches were made for Christmas and for friends in the distant homeland, and finally one of the guests offered a toast to my cook, who in the wilderness had been able to concoct such a choice Christmas dinner that no one had missed either the turkey or the plum pudding.

But to myself I thought how glad I should have been to exchange Mosa's delicacies for the soaked dried codfish and the Christmas ham at home, and how glorious it would have been to be transported from the oppressive heat of the African jungle to a snow-covered landscape with ice crystals twinkling in the sunshine.

CHRISTMAS

BY H. L. HAYNES

[*Saturday Review*]

Come ghost, come gossip, stir the sluggard fire
And crown the solemn hour with discontent;
'Who leans on Love, or cares which way she went?'
'Heap bitter herbs to build her fun'ral pyre.'
'Who does with hope, and nods not to desire?'
'Life thrusts on life the final argument
No man is rich if all he have be lent.'
'A beggar's purse can pay the hangman's hire!'

But once and long ago, as it is told,
Love lay a nursling at a maiden breast,
And simple folk were patient of their God.
The world outruns the pilgrim feet of old;
Yet some dare stay the haggard haste, and rest
Where burgeoned once the Stem of Jesse's Rod.

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AT THE SCENE OF THE NATIVITY[1]

BY H. C. LUKE

[THE author of the following article was formerly the Assistant Governor of Jerusalem under the British Mandate.]

AT each of the three Christmases of the Jerusalem year there is an air of bustle about the Jaffa Gate. Below the northern tower of the Gate, from whose summit the Pro-Jerusalem Society has lately banished — to reërect it on a less incongruous base — the inappropriate modern clock-turret perched upon it as a thank offering for thirty years of Abdul Hamid's reign, is drawn up a mounted escort of the Palestine Police, ready to accompany on his solemn entry into Bethlehem in turn the Latin, the Orthodox, and the Armenian Patriarch of Jerusalem.

The decision of some of the Orthodox Churches to adopt the Gregorian Calendar has not, as yet, been accepted by the autocephalous Church of Jerusalem, which continues to use the Julian; and so, on December 24, January 6, and January 18, according to our reckoning, a little procession of motor-cars, — for Eastern Patriarchs are fully alive to the advantages of modern methods of transport, — after traversing the intervening five and a half miles at a pace sufficiently leisurely to enable its clattering escort to keep abreast, makes its *entrée joyeuse* into 'Ephrath which is Bethlehem.' As it winds out of Jerusalem the cavalcade passes, on its left, the recently enlarged Ophthalmic Hospital of the English branch of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and, beyond the Orthodox Monastery of Mar Elias, the sanatorium of the Roman Order, built on the summit of the little hill of Tantur. Presently, between the road and the Jordan valley, there comes into view Frank Mountain, topped by an artificial and partly hollow cone, which contains what is left of the sumptuous palace of Herod the Great. At the tomb of Rachel, shared and venerated alike by Jews and Moslems, the procession leaves on its right the main road to Hebron and Beersheba, and turns southward up the hill on which Bethlehem is built. The heart of Bethlehem has retained its mediæval character, and the procession has to thread its way through ancient, narrow, and tortuous streets, barely wide enough to admit its passage, before it finally emerges into the Square of the Church of the Nativity.

The famous and venerable shrine, which occupies the eastern end of the Square, is considered, with good reason, to be the oldest church that is still in Christian use. In character as in fabric it remains to an appreciable extent the basilica that Constantine built over the sacred Grotto, and its main restoration took place as long ago as the sixth century, at the hands of Justinian. With the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem it has two features in common: internally, it is shared by several Christian communities; externally, its outline is almost completely masked by the high walls of the three convents that encompass it. The

[1]From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *December* 24, 1924

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tiny aperture, only four feet in height, which gives access to it from the Square, is also characteristic of Christian shrines in these regions: its dimensions were designed to prevent the Moslem rulers of Palestine from driving camels, donkeys, and cattle into the church in a less tolerant age than ours. The convents — massive, fortresslike structures — belong respectively to the Orthodox, the Latins, and the Armenians; while inside the church Copts and Jacobites are confined to a single altar apiece.

Reproduced, too, in Bethlehem are the peculiar difficulties that are caused in the Holy Sepulchre by the rights and claims, often overlapping and not infrequently in conflict, of the various communities within its walls. The maintenance in the two churches of the balance, *magis fragilis quam rosa*, between the several shareholders is an achievement, when successful, of administrative tightrope-walking. The annual 'sweeping' of the Church of the Nativity, where the right to clean and to keep in order a particular portion of the fabric is regarded as the outward and visible sign of ownership, is a ceremony always anticipated with a certain measure of apprehension and looked back upon with heartfelt relief by those responsible for the government of the town. The present writer is not likely to forget the acrimony aroused, not so many years ago, through the shifting by an inch of the carpet of one of the communities in the southern transept of the church, nor the hubbub over the replacement of a lost nail — whose intrinsic value was less than two shillings — of the silver star in the Grotto itself. The latter occurrence threatened to assume for a moment the dimensions of an international event before there was found for it a happy if somewhat original solution. Things are gradually improving, and the status quo is becoming stabilized, but it is still necessary in the interest of the internal peace of the basilica to maintain a policeman on duty within it day and night.

It is not often that the Government of Palestine intervenes in ecclesiastical affairs, except when its intervention is specifically invited or is forced upon it, but in 1919 the Military Administration, which preceded the Civil Government, took, *motu proprio*, a step for which all lovers of the Church of the Nativity have reason to be grateful to the present Governor of Jerusalem. Some time toward the end of the sixteenth century it was thought necessary to strengthen the transept by building a wall between it and the four side-aisles. In 1842 the Orthodox, by joining the two parts of this wall together, completely separated the transept from the central nave, and, in effect, divided the basilica into two separate churches. Sir Ronald Storrs had the happy inspiration to sweep away this unsightly accretion, and none have more reason to rejoice at its removal than the Orthodox themselves. For not only can this noble building now be seen again uninterruptedly from its western end to the iconostasis in the east, not only can the proportions of its four rows of monolithic columns produce once more their due effect, but the gain to the stateliness of the processions of the Orthodox Christmas ceremonies by the removal of this barrier is hardly to be measured.

It is at the Orthodox Christmas that the Church of the Nativity is to be seen in all its glory. The Latin midnight Mass, impressive as it is, is celebrated in the modern Roman Catholic Church immediately adjoining the southern side of the basilica, and thus lacks the wonderful mise en scène of that of the Orthodox. The

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Armenian ceremony is somehow less splendid than the noble functions which take place at other seasons in the Armenian cathedral of St. James in Jerusalem. The preliminary part of the service is taken by one of the many titular archbishops who adorn the Court of the Patriarch of Jerusalem. This prelate stands in the Patriarch's throne on the north side of the choir and receives the obeisance of the clergy about to participate in the ceremony, who must first, in accordance with the Orthodox ritual, seek the permission (λαμβάνειν καιρὸν is the technical expression) of the presiding ecclesiastic. Two by two they appear in long procession from behind the iconostasis (an archimandrite, — distinguishable by his black veil and pectoral cross, — generally walking with a simple ordained monk), and genuflect first before the 'royal doors' of the iconostasis and then before the archbishop, whose hand they kiss.

It is not until the part of the liturgy known as the 'Great Entrance' is reached that the aged Patriarch comes down from the altar through the 'royal doors' and takes his place on his throne, vested in white and gold and wearing a mitre scintillating with precious stones. In the stall on his right is the Governor of Jerusalem, in uniform; facing them, on the south side, are the Consuls of the Orthodox Powers. The body of the church is filled with Bethlehemites in their distinctive and picturesque dress, the married women wearing the tall and pointed white coif said to be a legacy from the Crusades, the men with little white skullcaps under their enormous yellow turbans. It may be mentioned that the natives of Bethlehem are, with a very few exceptions, Christians, and, apart from a few families of Jacobites who were originally immigrants from Northern Syria and Mesopotamia, are divided between the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches.

The characteristic part of the service begins with the descent of the Patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the official visitors into the Grotto of the Nativity below the choir. Not without difficulty the procession winds down the steep, narrow, and slippery steps, everyone carrying an enormous lighted candle, whose fumes, mingling with those of the incense, combine to produce an atmosphere in the small, densely packed Grotto that soon becomes stifling. The Gospel is sung first in Greek, then, in compliment to the Mandatory Power, in English, the English words sounding strangely unfamiliar as chanted in the Byzantine manner. Then comes the solemn commemoration, responded to by Κύριε ἐλέησον, of the Patriarch and the appropriate royal houses; and on this Christmas, for the first time for many years, there will be no mention of 'the devout and God-fearing King of the Hellenes.'

After the commemoration of our own royal family, always chanted first in the Orthodox churches of Palestine, will now follow that of the King of Rumania, who, with the disappearance of the Russian and Greek monarchies and the doubling of his dominions, has become the ruler of the greatest of the Orthodox kingdoms. Next, the Patriarch and bishops get on their knees below the tiny altar to kiss the silver star with its Latin inscription of '*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*'; while in the dark shadows of a recess near by a Franciscan, his hands buried in his sleeves, stands by with a watching brief on behalf of his community, silently on the alert for any breach by the Orthodox of the jealously guarded status quo.

Then comes the culminating act of the ceremony, the procession of the

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Patriarch three times around the entire basilica to the accompaniment of one of those majestic hymns for which the Orthodox Church is justly famed. Preceded by banners and processional crosses, by the richly vested priests and bishops in double file, the Patriarch moves in slow progress around the building, flanked by the Governor and the Consuls, and blessing the thronging congregation, many of whom kiss the hem of his vestment as he passes by. By an ingenious arrangement the great candelabra in the nave, ablaze with lights, are swung slowly from side to side, while the incense mounts upward in coils of fragrant blue to the mosaics — now fragmentary, alas! — of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus and, past these, to the open timber roof, once covered with lead, given by King Edward IV. And all the while the choir are chanting the hymn that begins: —

Glory in the Highest to Him, who is born to-day in a cave, of the Virgin, the Mother of God, in Bethlehem of Judæa.

But it would not be Palestine if the sounds of other services, in other tongues, were not mingling with this in harsh cacophony. At their respective altars to the south of the choir Jacobites and Copts seem to be competing with one another in the production of noise; shrill supplications in Syriac and in the language of the Pharaohs offer a discordant accompaniment to the Greek chants of the Orthodox. The Abyssinians, who keep Christmas once a month, except in March, are not present, nor are the Armenians, whose Christmas is celebrated with the Feast of the Epiphany on January 18. Hence the confusion is not so great as it is in the Holy Sepulchre in Easter Week, when every community is simultaneously active. But, even so, the welter of noise and the struggling and pushing of the crowds, only kept in place by the police and by kavasses with their iron-shod batons, must appear to the Western visitor unaccustomed to the disorderliness of Eastern services as singularly barbaric. Not so does it appear to the participants, who are not in the least distracted from their devotions by the pressure of a restless, vocal throng, by the burden of rival services in their immediate neighborhood.

It is all racy of the soil, illustrates remarkably aptly the exuberance of the Oriental Christian in matters of religion; and few of the members of the Church of England in Jerusalem, who sing carols in the Field of the Shepherds on the Western Christmas Eve, fail to return to Bethlehem thirteen days later to witness what is certainly the most remarkable, if it is not the most restful, Christmas service in the world.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

THE Psalmist did not express himself on the subject of the allotment of years for weekly journals, and the *Saturday Review*, which has just arrived at the three-score-and-ten limit, need perhaps not feel under the obligation laid upon mortal men to prepare at that point for dissolution. Certainly there is nothing in the appearance or the tone of the paper these days to suggest that it is afflicted with arteriosclerosis, mental inflexibility, or any of the other alleged ailments of senescence. The *Saturday Review* professes to be a Tory weekly, but we refuse to take too seriously the reactionary status of a paper which was once edited by Mr. Frank Harris, which was long graced with Mr. Bernard Shaw's dramatic reviews, and which is now the vehicle for such writers as Mr. Gerald Gould, Mr. Ivor Brown, and Mr. Edward Shanks.

A recent issue of the *Saturday* is given over to birthday felicitations, retrospective remarks, and some glances toward the future. Not the least interesting item is a reprint of the original prospectus for the paper on its founding in 1855, in which the purpose of its editors — to give unbiased and informed comment on politics, science, literature, and art, on the basis of values evolved by tradition — is set forth in the decorous prose of the late Queen's early years. A summary of the seventy years by the editor makes the claim that this purpose has been as completely achieved as would be humanly possible, and calls attention to some of the judgments of its writers that have been vindicated by time — judgments of the *Origin of Species*, *Adam Bede*, *The Innocents Abroad*, and of such authors as Kingsley and Martin Tupper.

Some old contributors join in celebrating the birthday party. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes on 'Theatres and Reviews Then and Now,' declaring that things have improved vastly since his youth — he himself is but a year younger than the *Saturday* — in the matter of literary and artistic writing in papers of all kinds, owing to the entrance of many newspapers into the field, to the phonograph, to the radio, and the more widely diffused knowledge of the arts they have been responsible for.

> When, as a beginner, I got an introduction to Morley, — not then Lord Morley, — and he asked me what I thought I could do, I threw away the opportunity by saying that I thought I could write about art. In utter disgust he turned away, flinging over his shoulder a muttered 'Pooh! *Anybody* can write about art.' 'Oh, *can* they?' I retorted, with a contempt equal to his own; and I honestly thought I was showing great self-restraint in not adding, 'you wretched Philistine second-hand Macaulay.' That concluded the interview; and Morley missed his chance of becoming my editor.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, who succeeded Mr. Shaw as dramatic critic, writes in a somewhat querulous tone from his ivory tower in Rapallo to say that his recurrent nightmare is 'that I have to

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write a dramatic criticism for the *Saturday*. . . . And I am not Mr. Ivor Brown (that would be a delightful dream); I am just my own self of years ago. And I have put my article off to the last possible moment. And I don't seem to have seen the play that I 've got to criticize — or don't seem to remember its title or what it was about. And time presses, and courage fails, and thought fails. Shall I wire to the office that I have fallen ill? That would be untrue, and not believed, and a great inconvenience to the office at this hideous last moment, and — and — I wake here in Italy, and little by little a beatific smile o'erspreads the racked countenance of the whilom critic.' (We copy these words with deep feeling.)

There is a page and a half of congratulatory notes from all kinds of distinguished people, from His Majesty the King, from the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. George Saintsbury, and others. Perhaps the most interesting is from Mr. Thomas Hardy, who writes: —

> I am sorry to be unable to send a special contribution to the number of the *Review* marking its arrival at the Psalmodic age of three score and ten, but I may say that I am probably among its earliest readers still living, as I began to buy it when it was less than two years old.

The four-thousand-two-hundred-and-fiftieth number of the *Living Age* takes pleasure in reproducing these passages from the three-thousand-six-hundred-and-fifty-fourth number of the *Saturday Review*.

♆

HUMOR IN ENGLISH ART

'It is safe to say,' observes the *Times*, 'that there will be nothing funnier in connection with the Humor Exhibition at the Spring Gardens Gallery, in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, than the spectacle of anxious journalists on Press Day — and some of them Scotsmen — trying to think of something bright to say about it.'

Without having succeeded very conspicuously in this task, the reporters of the Exhibition agree pretty unanimously that it is extraordinarily representative of the best in English humorous art from Hogarth to Mr. Max Beerbohm. A critic in the *Morning Post* is impressed by the superiority, on certain grounds at least, of the contemporary artists: —

> Laughter is evoked to-day by subtler insinuation, and draftsmanship has assumed corresponding suavity of expression. A smile and a quiet chuckle have in great measure taken the place of the boisterous guffaw and gross hilarity of the past. And to *Punch* mainly belongs the credit for the change. At the Spring Gardens Exhibition Sir Owen Seaman can point to the stately distinction of Sir John Tenniel, the racy humor of John Leech, the pawkiness and supreme art of Charles Keene, the dignity of George Du Maurier, and the insouciant merriment of Phil May.

Practically all the critics of the Exhibition, however, were struck by the pictures by the eighteenth-century Thomas Rowlandson, one of which was lent by the King. The critic of the *Daily Telegraph* explains why: —

> Not only the public, but artists and students, will find their attention riveted by the drawings of Thomas Rowlandson, and the exquisite color-washes of these over a masterly delicacy and precision of line and contour make an appeal of beauty which softens some of their rollicking fun. The exhibition justifies the claims often made for Rowlandson's great artistic powers, and he never failed to provide a charming envelope for his subjects. The holiday crowd in 'Greenwich Stairs' is true in detail and mass to the jollity of the day,

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but the beauty of the setting transcends the humor of the theme. One begins to doubt whether any other English artist ever equaled him in limning the stir and bustle of a throng. The crowd in a Drury Lane gallery, and the busy sightseers at 'The English Review' and at 'The French Review' — both lent by the King — are masterpieces of true observation — and beauty of line and tone. For sheer humorous power of character-discernment the telling study of some eighteenth-century 'hanging judge,' exhibited under the title of 'M-Lud!' is wonderful; and it is surely true that we do not see to-day on the English bench any such amalgam of those dread personalities Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus. The caricature anticipates the searching penetration of Honoré Daumier, yet Rowlandson had many other phases, as witness the delightful sketch of the young 'jam-stealers' caught sticky-handed in the stillroom.

'Altogether,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, 'the eighteenth-century section will delight the connoisseurs as well as the public,' and continues: —

Gillray, with his savage humor, is missing, and the rather tiresome political squibs of the early eighteenth century have been omitted. Bunbury, Cruikshank, Dickie Doyle, Thackeray, and Phiz and Leech carry on the first half of last century, and Keene — brilliantly represented — and Du Maurier present a society as different from Rowlandson's as the Prince Consort was from the Prince Regent. Phil May's Bohemia, too, was a different place from the gaming-hells and taverns of Rowlandson.

The collection of *Punch* originals is large and well chosen, and there is also a section of drawings by humorists outside of *Punch* which reminds one again how largely *Punch* has monopolized English comic draftsmanship. Having written that sentence, I remembered one of the most brilliant in ideas of them all, who has no more to do with *Punch* than Wilson Steer with the Royal Academy. There is a special screen of cartoons by Mr. Max Beerbohm, including his 'Lord Northcliffe Suggesting a Headline to Mr. Edmund Gosse.'

AMY LOWELL AND FRENCH POETRY

READERS of Amy Lowell's critical studies of *Six Modern French Poets* will not need to be reminded either of her interest in French poetry or of her insight into it. It is pleasant, however, to have the word of a distinguished French critic, M. Charles Cestre, for both, especially since M. Cestre is the chief friend in France of American letters.

In an article in the *Revue Anglo-Américaine*, M. Cestre recalls to us Amy Lowell's lively sympathy with the French Parnassians and symbolists. 'She shared the reaction of the Parnassians against the languors and the extravagances of romanticism, and also their concern for objective beauty. Her vitality and her robust moral poise preserved her from the despair with which she might have been infected by the French school. . . . The symbolists, whose intellectual disorderliness and moral decadence she succeeded in avoiding, taught her the mental value of images. Profiting by their example, she listened to the hymn of intimate union between the mind and nature, which echoed with special poignancy in the deeps of her expansive temperament. Her poetry remained impersonal, and independent of the profound unrest which agitates the confused regions of the subconscious; but it was enriched with clear emotions generalized by thought, and with that kind of concreteness which gives rise to the symbol.

'It was the achievement of a woman and an American to dissociate symbolism from neurosis. That is why Amy Lowell, whatever her debt may have been, in respect to form, to Laforgue and Paul Fort, preferred in her own work the name "imagism." '

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MANET ON ZOLA

THE Louvre has just acquired, on the death of Madame Zola, a portrait by Manet of her husband, who had bequeathed the usufruct of it to her during her lifetime. It is one of the fifteen Manets now in the possession of the Louvre and the Luxembourg — all of them, as a writer in the *Écho de Paris* reproachfully remarks, gifts or bequests.

Zola is represented in this life-size portrait sitting in an upholstered chair, turned almost in profile, and dressed in gray trousers and a black-velvet lounge-jacket. Behind him is a table covered with books, and on the wall a framed Japanese print and two engravings. The portrait, according to this writer, is very lifelike and sober; the still-life, especially the books, incomparably well done; on the whole, one of Manet's masterpieces.

♔

SWIFT ON THE BOARDS

Gulliver's Travels played as a stage-piece by children — what would the savage Dean have made of that? It was the idea of two French playwrights, Charles Clerc and Raymond Gentil, who made out of the book a fantasy in five acts and twelve tableaux for production at the Petit-Monde, a theatre that has a troupe of child actors. Never before, according to *L'Illustration*, have these children made up so completely the cast of characters: in this production only the rôle of Gulliver himself was played by an adult — the skillful actor Moriss. An illustration shows this character — garbed in somewhat too elegant eighteenth-century clothes, considering the facts of the original — holding up to the admiring view of the Lilliputians two of the ships of their fleet that he has saved. Tiny houses and trees among the sets furnish a kind of scale, if hardly the exaggerated one of the book.

We gather that only the voyage to Lilliput was used for the dramatized Gulliver; just how his rôle could be represented if Brobdingnag were included, is not clear — and the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms would have presented insoluble problems to a stage-manager!

♔

A WEBER MASS DISCOVERED

ON the heels of the news that a light opera of Haydn's has been discovered, comes the news from Vienna that a 'Grand Mass' by Weber, which the composer himself believed to be lost, has been turned up at Salzburg by the young Viennese savant, Dr. Konstantin Schneider. This mass, which is the principal work of Weber's youth, and is called by him *Messa Solenne*, is written for four voices with great orchestra and organ. The work gives the impression of the youthful master's having wished to demonstrate his talent in every direction. Each phrase has a special theme, contrary to Weber's custom in later years. According to the dedicatory letter to the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg, it was written at Munich in the spring of 1799.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

THE great Anglo-Saxon paradox was never more effectively presented than in Stanley Baldwin's rectorial admonitions to the flighty young students of Edinburgh. No wonder the inconsistencies between British statements and statesmanship exasperate the logical French; no wonder the inconsistencies of Anglo-American Imperalism confound the naïve Russian. The unprejudiced reader of the Prime Minister's address could not fail to be moved by its obvious sincerity, its high moral value. Yet, when we look about us, we find that it does not cover quite all the facts.

* * *

'Men think by means of words and communicate to each other through that medium.' Sounds as if it might have been written for Cal, does n't it? But Mr. Baldwin is even more daring than our own Presidential speech-writers. He develops this subtle theme with the astute suggestion that the 'right use of words' is no small part of British education. By the time we finished the speech we resolved to count slowly to ten before venturing even the most trivial remark, and to run up as high as one hundred before setting down each paragraph of this inimitable column.

* * *

But we found that it took a good deal of time, and before we had reached forty we were wondering how closely Mr. Baldwin himself followed his own advice. Words are splendid things, we agree, but their usefulness in political matters is either negative or secondary. It is not, after all, a signal contribution to higher mathematics or Marxian economics to say, 'Whatever be the case in a world of Einsteins, or in Russia, over most of the world two and two are believed to make four.' Einstein, to be sure, offers us only an hypothesis, but it is at least a definite one, on which experts agree more unanimously, if not more widely, than they do on the conflicting theories of Evolution.

* * *

But when it comes to intimating that Russia is as hypothetical and intangible an affair as the probability that two and two make four, we feel that it is time for us to give Mr. Baldwin a piece of our mind. This statement is the worst sort of play upon words, for it is a misplay upon facts, too. It is even worse than announcing that 'it is better to doubt methodically than to think capriciously,' when, as a matter of fact, everyone knows it is infinitely preferable to doubt capriciously than to think methodically.

* * *

Turning to Zinoviev is like a breath of fresh air from the great open steppes. It is a delightful accomplishment to be able to quote Locke, Bentham, and John Stuart Mill, but when we are talking about and in 1925 it is just as well to remember that certain conditions exist to-day that were unheard of when Mr. Baldwin was in short pants. Zinoviev goes to the opposite extreme — he ignores the past with the illiterate

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disdain of a Muscovite proletarian; and we like it. In talking about Russia's foreign policy he lists his topics under (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*) headings, as any sensible man would. Words are used as tools, and we are never in doubt as to what they mean. This is supposed to be the wonderful thing about Marxian minds, the great and only advantage of such thinking being that it is less hypocritical than the Capitalist brand. Now and then an Englishman like Mr. B. Ifor Evans, who wrote about Wilsonism two weeks ago, speaks up and says that Anglo-Saxons rule because they are damn well fitted to do so. At once, equally frank but more ingenuous Liberals squeal with rage and raise the hue and cry of enlightened common-sense, salvation by character, peace without victory, and the rest of it. Generally, of course, the Tory keeps his mouth shut and lets the Liberals do the apologizing for his mistakes.

* * *

With Zinoviev's skill in applied politics we find it hard to quarrel; indeed we only wonder that Tammany does not take as much out of his book as he has out of theirs. Both would gain by the exchange. The theories of Communism are another matter, and we have neither the space nor the energy to ferret them out, set them up, and bowl them over. Some other time, perhaps, but not now. We do, however, refer you to Max Eastman's little volume, *Since Lenin Died*, if you want an unconsciously amusing commentary on Russian politics at the present moment. From it we glean that Zinoviev and his two chief boy friends, Stalin and Kamenev, have got together and knifed Trotskii. Nothing could prove more conclusively that two and two still make four in Russia, Mr. Baldwinsky to the contrary, and that the gospel according to Saint Marx is subject to the same ailments that all faith is heir to.

* * *

Any woman whose first name is Jackie deserves to be treated the way Miss Deitrick was by Señor Barceló of Chile. We are always open to correction on matters of feminine psychology, but it looks to us as if the little lady thought she had really got the better of the interview she so faithfully describes. Or, if not that, she at least feels she has exposed the villainy of her inquisitor. Our neighbor from Cambridge, Miss Sarah Wambaugh, acquitted herself much more creditably; but then she 's a New Englander, and the civilizing influence of Harvard has obviously done its work. Neither of these ladies, however, could be expected to put much over on a Chilean bachelor of fifty-three with young ideas. He quickly kept shifting the ground from the uninteresting Plebiscite to the delightful field of refined flirtation. The editor of the *Living Age* may know all about the Chilean and Peruvian situation anyhow, but this article did not enlighten us much, we must say. What we learned from it was how to handle women, and on a magazine with a hundred-per-cent-bachelor staff that 's more valuable information than plebiscites any day.

* * *

The refugees in whom Mr. Coogan has taken such touching interest look dangerous to the rest of Greece. Athens has always ranked right up with Edinburgh, Jerusalem, New York, and Boston as a centre of hard bargaining, and its new citizens, fresh from the Michael Arlen country, are not going to make the pace any easier.

YANKEE DOOLEY

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Little World, by Stella Benson. London and New York: Macmillan. $2.25.

[*Outlook*]

MISS BENSON'S book of travels is sprightly in both senses of that pleasant word; it is bright and gay while it hops about in agile fashion from continent to continent. Cities, deserts, canyons, temples, rivers, mountains, and seas are traversed or seen, as the case may be, and described with a gay recollection of the discomforts suffered on junk, elephant, or Ford. Among the places visited are the United States, Northwest, South, and Far West, Japan, China, both coast and interior, including almost-unknown Yünnan, India, and far-flung spots dotting the less familiar of the Seven Seas. The author, always interested herself, is rarely uninteresting to her reader. Her voyages are made always under unusual conditions, some of them while earning her way through regions where she had neither friends nor money, others as a motor pilgrim far removed from the herded tourists.

Her point of view is not seldom a new one, and her background for the consideration of strange places is broad and intelligent. The writing too partakes of her own gayety, and is often very amusing: —

> The question of the food of the pioneering tourists is one which I can hardly bear to contemplate. A minor liner's food is like the conversation of some people I know: it starts with an almost hysterical brilliance; all treasures are produced extravagantly during the first outburst. And after that — corned beef — canned tomatoes — very weary eggs. The eggs on board my ship were so tired that it was no surprise to me to find them one day posing on menu as *Boiled Eggs à la Religieuse.*

The danger in this sprightly style is obvious, however, and is exemplified later when Miss Benson in writing about buffaloes almost gurgles: —

> Yet, with all this, anyone can see that the buffalo is a long way behind the ox in the social scale. There is no compensation in being born a buffalo; he has no lofty traditions at all — and he knows it. . . . He knows that he and his partner are the meanest and least dainty creatures on the face of the earth — with the possible exception of the wart hog. Even when he was a calf, his mother used to contemplate him dubiously. Many people have loved cows, and even poets have mentioned them, but nobody has ever loved a buffalo. You could not love or respect a creature which, during the whole course of evolution, has never decided whether to be a bald or a hairy beast. After earnest study of the faces of the buffaloes on Chowringhee, I cannot even say that they have beautiful souls.

This, I fear, is forcing the fun too far. But when Miss Benson chooses to be serious she can write lovely and unaffected passages of description, and these have more permanent worth. If *The Little World* had been devoid of such things as the foregoing quotations and the short, obviously journalistic, chapters it would have been even a better book than it is.

The Mulberry Bush, by Sylvia Lynd. London: Macmillan. 6*s.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

The Mulberry Bush gives us a score of stories, all of which have Sylvia Lynd's inimitable and inevitable grace. I had seen some of them before in the magazines in which they first appeared. Gathered together they throw a mellow light on each other that enhances their charm. There are a few writers of short stories who have a subtlety equal and even superior to Sylvia Lynd's, but I doubt if any of them has her gift of soaring lightly away from the serious and the tragic into some sudden empyrean of gayety and then settling down again to her theme without a ruffled feather. It is this unexpectedness that delights us in her work — this, and that intimacy, which is social rather than personal, her Irish quality. There are no people more friendly than we are, and none more distant. The tales about children please one — particularly 'The Sybarite,' 'Gooseberry,' 'Eat, Drink, and Be Merry'; but all the tales are about children.

Sylvia Lynd has an enchanting way of looking at us through the wrong end of her opera glass, so that we feel very small and distinct, our heroic movements diminish to the Lilliputian, but a brightly colored aura surrounds us, and we feel even in our transgressions pardoned, comforted, and lent a little of the comeliness of her own vision; so graciously they see us from Olympus, not

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pathologically, nor physiologically, nosing for our defects and vices, but as creators rejoicing in the creatures they have made. The stories that will linger longest in my personal memory will be, I think, 'Adversaries' and 'Vengeance.' The wrong end of the opera glass is very clear and bright in these two studies of very women.

Essays on Life, by A. Clutton-Brock. London: Methuen. 6*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THIS book contains sixteen essays by Arthur Clutton-Brock that have not been printed before. *Essays on Life* is a good, though not a distinctive, title, because every essay that Clutton-Brock wrote was an essay on life. He thought and wrote of nothing, from Alpine plants to religion, except as drawing from out the boundless spirit of life and turning again home to it. In her little preface to the book Mrs. Clutton-Brock says that most of these sixteen were not written for publication, but 'for the sheer pleasure of the writing.' Considering one of the essays in the book, the use there of the word 'pleasure' is dangerous. It would probably rouse in A. C.-B. some of that 'light mockery' which friends affectionately recall. But, again, it is a phrase true but not distinctive. Writer for the press and hard worker though he was, he never merely 'turned out copy.' Sometimes the brain was tired, and then it would hammer out the thought on paper instead of presenting the finished work.

There are traces of that tiredness even in this book — in the essay, for instance, on the primitive and the primary. But, were he tired or not tired, Clutton-Brock's thought seemed always to be fresh, and always his own. It ran clear from some spring very deep in his nature; and without affecting singularity or indulging willfulness except in fun, he was no more afraid of his own ideas than he was jejune or clumsy in justifying them. His absolutism led him into difficult places, and he gladly accepted what it brought him. There are two essays in this volume, 'What Is Art?' and 'Art and Pleasure,' which perhaps give the most compact and direct statement of Clutton-Brock's ideas on æsthetics.

There is pleasure to be had from the way he writes. He does not appear to plan out the rhythms of his prose. The fall of the words, the structure of sentence and of paragraph, seem to be determined solely by the thought. With none of the glitter of Macaulay, he has all his precision. He is didactic, because that is his purpose; but he so weaves statement and explanation into one that he never seems to be laying down the law or treating his reader as a dunce. To know that there is more to be said on the other side than he allows for is to lose no jot of pleasure in the clearness with which his case is put, the aptness of his illustrations, and his courage in following his own logic. And this prose is capable of much more variety than, at its mean, it suggests.

The Immortal Dickens, by George Gissing. London: Palmer. 1*s*.

[*New Statesman*]

TWENTY-FIVE years since an edition of Dickens, though well started with prefaces by Gissing and notes by Kitton, did not succeed. Now nine of the prefaces, not all of them used at the time, are revived in this book. The late Mr. Matz, a leading Dickensian, ranks them in his Introduction with Forster's *Life of Dickens* and Gissing's *Dickens: A Critical Study*. That is not saying too much, but a good deal, perhaps, for a Dickensian who could see few blots in the master's performances. Gissing tells us in a paper of reminiscence added at the beginning that he renewed his intellectual zest, when he was tired or discouraged, with Forster's *Life*, and he writes with a warm appreciation of the good things in the novels, and a tempered objection to the bad. He notices the often disastrous turn for melodrama, and the complete success in grotesques like Mrs. Gamp. Of women approaching the normal, either Dickens's experiences were exceptional, or his conceptions singularly unfortunate. Probably the mother who wished to keep him at the blacking factory influenced him.

The brilliance and tedious unreality of the early books are well hit off. We forgive Madeline Gride and Ralph Nickleby for the sake of Mr. Crummles, and turn often to the ill-constructed *Martin Chuzzlewit* for some of the ripest humor in the language. Discussions of the possibility of Dickens's characters are endless, and the defense of some of them here is not altogether satisfying. We note that we have met a young man very like Tom Pinch, and found Nature plagiarizing from *Pickwick* with a Fat Boy in Kent. As for the pathos, to-day we prefer the death of the first Mrs. Dombey to that of little Paul. The sob-stuff which the popular writer deliberately aimed at his public always suffered from being overdone.

As these prefaces have appeared, Gissing's more important *Critical Study* should certainly be reissued.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

This page will cover the more important books by foreign authors recently brought out in this country by American publishers. They can be obtained from all booksellers, or from the Atlantic Monthly Book Shop, which will send them postpaid to any address in the United States.

A Virgin Heart, by Rémy de Gourmont. Translated by Aldous Huxley. New York: Adelphi Company, 1925. $2.50.

THE reader is assured in the foreword that this is a physiological novel — in other words, it is based on the bold idea that the most important aspect of love is physical. The story deals with the bucolic flirtations of an innocent young girl and a dapper Don Juan who is just beginning to feel his years. Halfway through the book a younger rival enters the lists, and one is soon made to feel that he is destined to crash through in the end. As long as they are in the country both men indulge in endless ruminations on the girl proposition, which gives de Gourmont a chance to air his own views on this tender topic, many of which we seem to have heard somewhere before. The ostensible excuse for the book is its penetrating analysis of a young girl's soul. This consists of having the chaste heroine throw over her first love simply on the ground of flagrant unfaithfulness. Such quixotic behavior naturally strikes the average French reader as a stroke of high and daring genius on the part of the author, and establishes his heroine as one of the purest, most subtle characters in film or fable. For all that, however, we frankly admit that we read every page as faithfully as if it had been Elinor Glyn herself.

The Emigrants, by Johan Bojer. New York: The Century Company, 1925. $2.00.

THIS is the story of how a band of Norwegian emigrants left their mother country and carved for themselves a place in the American prairie. In spite of an underlying sentimentality foreign to some of the best Norwegian literature, there is much of the saga about a treatment which relies for effect solely upon the simple things in the life of a considerable number of simple people. The sureness of touch which can bring out the longings and emotions of so many characters and leave a clear picture of each in the reader's mind has succeeded in producing a worthy novel.

Experiments, by Norman Douglas. New York: Robert McBride and Company, 1925. $2.50.

THE final chapter of this chaotic collection of book reviews, skits, short stories, and criticisms has attracted much attention. What it all amounts to is that Mr. Douglas has got a terrible mad on at D. H. Lawrence, and if the two men ever meet what faces they will make and how they will kick and scratch and pull each other's hair. Their Homeric battle is over Mr. Lawrence's introduction to M. M.'s *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion,* in which he intimates that M. M. — or Maurice Magnus, as he turns out to be — is not a thorough gentleman, and that Mr. Douglas is a piker about restaurant checks who sleeps with his windows shut at night. Luckily the rest of Mr. Douglas's Experiments are more successful, though none is more amusing, consciously or unconsciously. He takes a good fall out of Miss Evelyn Underhill, the queen of English mysticism, and his criticisms on other subjects, chiefly literary, are equally sound. We shall always have a soft spot in our heart for the author of *South Wind,* and this new book of his, though in a quite different class, shows that he has lost none of his sophistication with the passage of the years.

A Rajah's Honour, by Pearl Weymouth. New York: Thomas Seltzer, 1925. $2.00.

THE reader of this book is asked to believe two incredible things: that the caddish behavior of an officer would be received with equanimity by a complete British community in India, and that a Rajah could commit a horrible and barbarous offense against the wife of a British doctor under the sincere conviction that he was defending her husband's honor. The improbability of the plot removes some of the thrill from otherwise hair-raising episodes; but an adventure novel is not, after all, to be judged by the same standards as the Week of the World in the *Living Age.* Miss Weymouth might be counseled to realize that it is not necessarily an improvement for the eternal triangle to strike a new note.

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